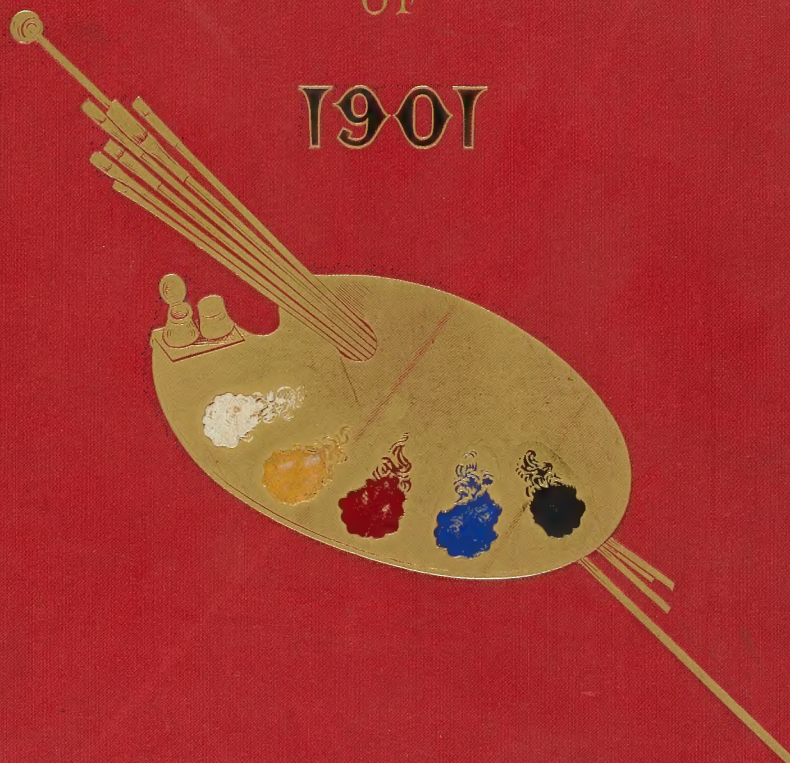


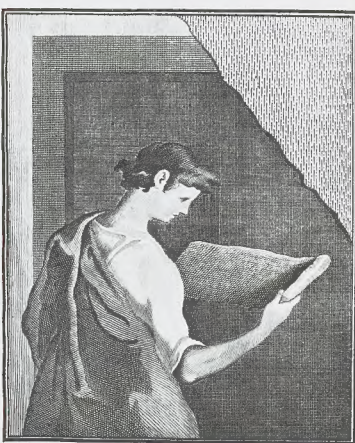
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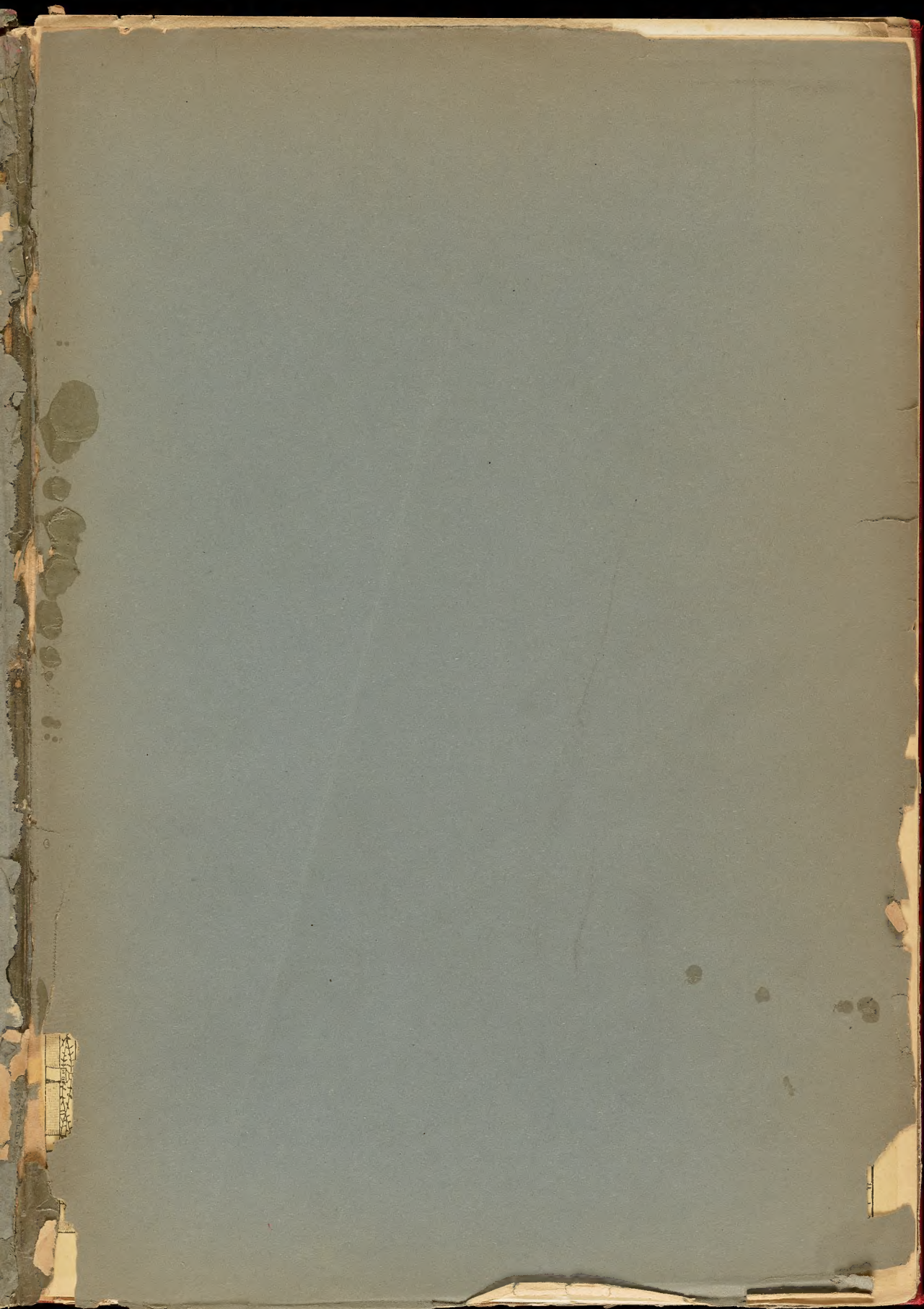
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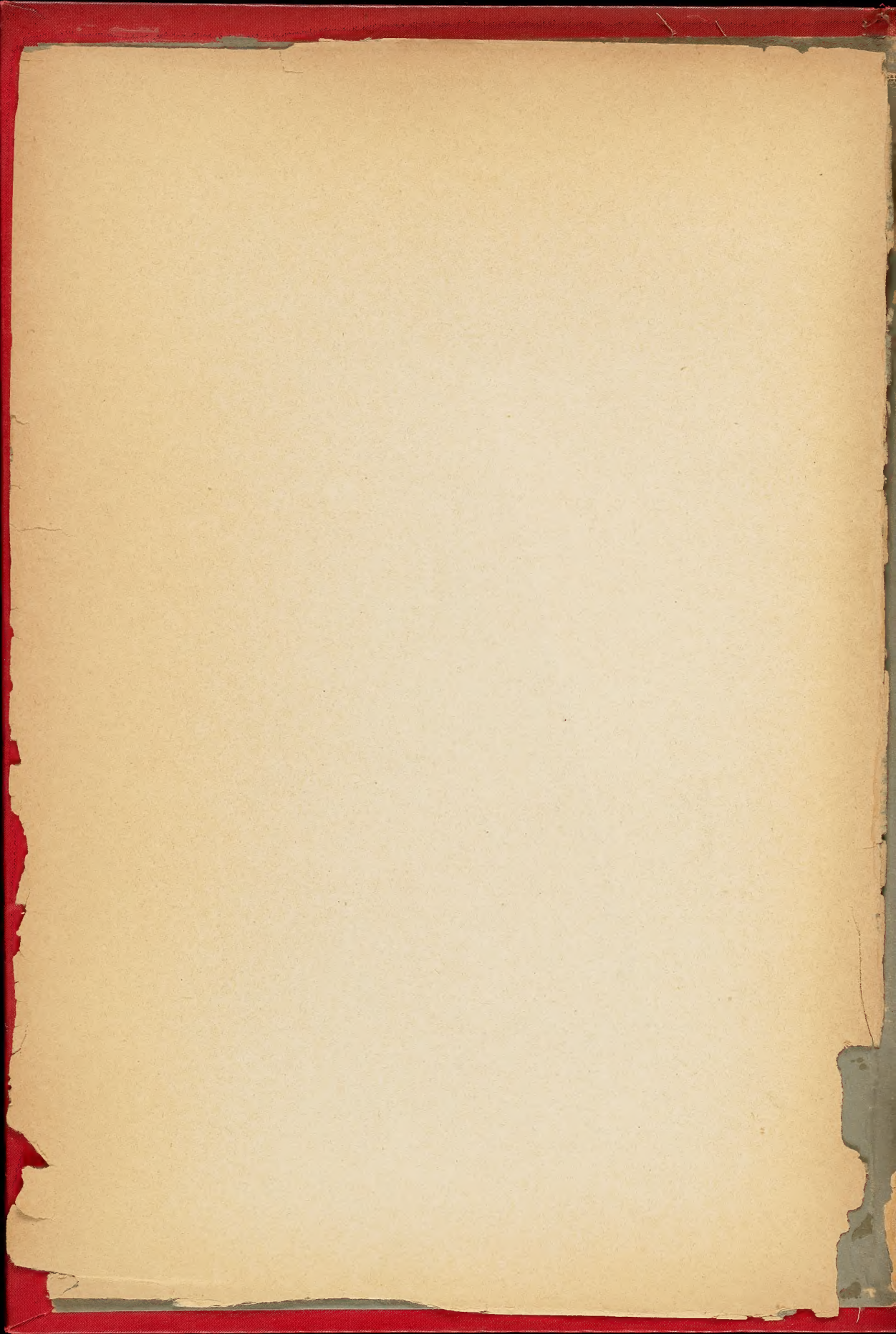


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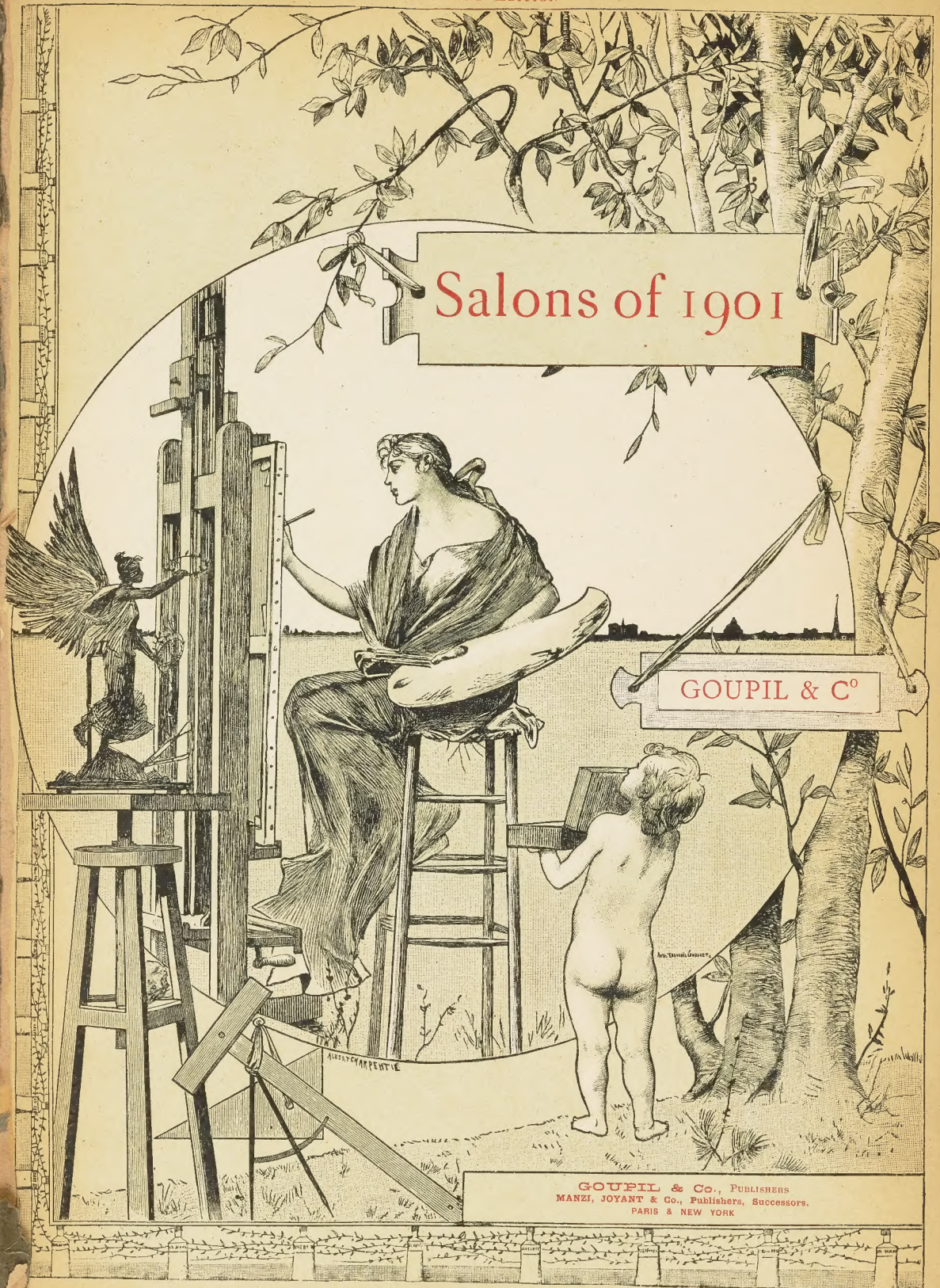


HOLLAND EDITION

Salons of 1901

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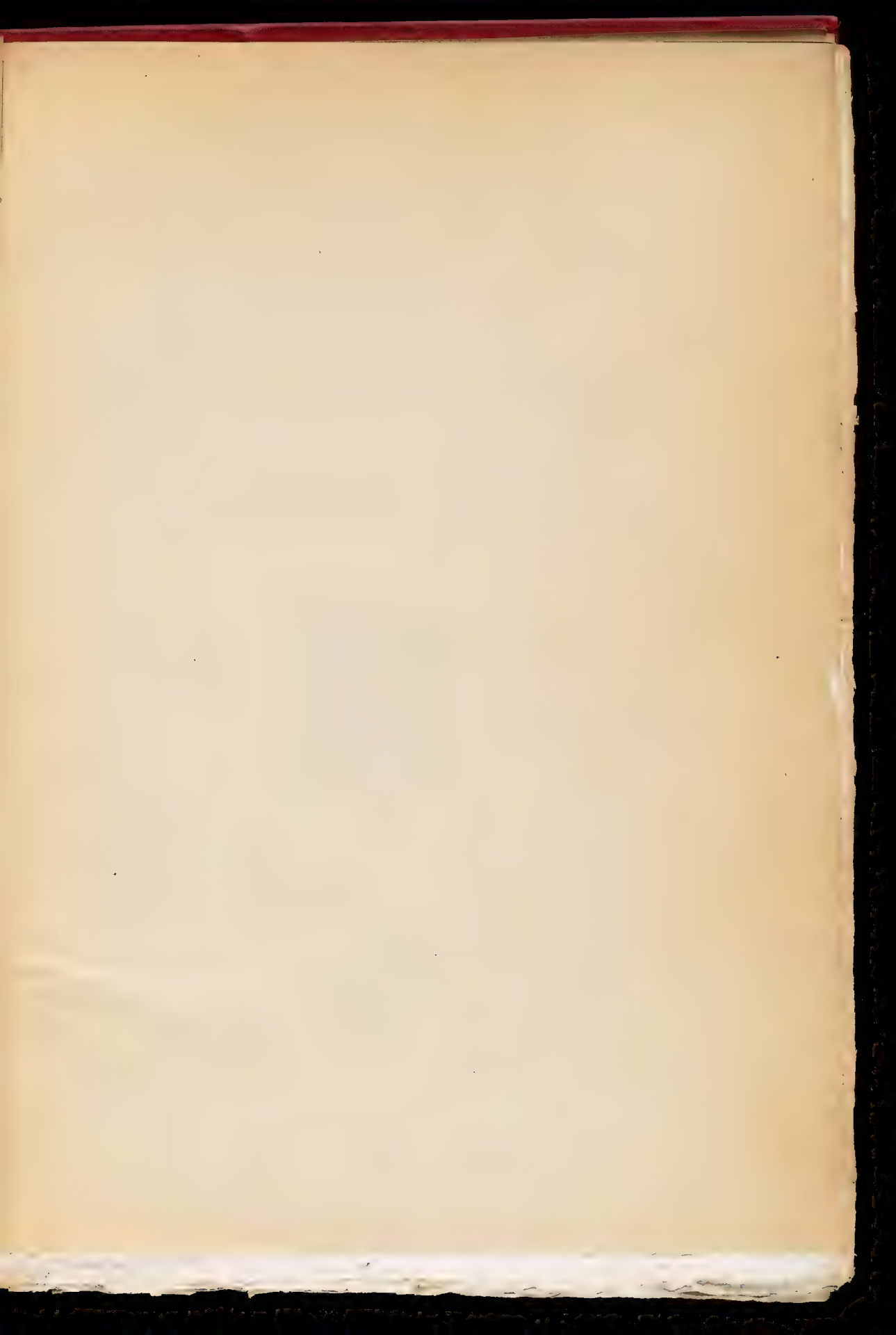
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N° 48





EDGAR MAXENCE
The Boy with the Red Cart

ALBANY, N. Y. 1901

MAURICE HAMEL

THE SALONS OF 1901

With text in English, translated by PAUL VILLARS



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SALONS OF 1901.



THE SALONS OF 1901.

INTRODUCTORY.



HE two first Salons of the twentieth century have just opened at the Grand Palais, and it is certain that they are remarkably like the last Salons of the nineteenth. Evolution in art, as in nature, makes no sudden leaps into the unknown, and chronological nomenclature has no influence whatever on the inevitable laws of development. The fact of a new century can neither add to nor alter the movement of minds, or the purpose of work. We are nevertheless glad to circum-

scribe the vast series of facts, sentiments and ideas which perennially arise, live their day, and die or change, by defining centuries of years so as more easily to get a general view of things. The thirteenth century in France, like the seventeenth and the eighteenth, appears to us in perspective as a well-defined entity, stamped with distinctive features. And now, henceforth, the nineteenth also stands as a coherent whole, to be the subject of criticism and of history. The centennial and the decennial exhibitions last year gave opportunity to all who cared, of surveying the road by which we had come, and striking the balance-sheet of the past. To-day a new date bids us look to the future, to consider what, in the art of our day, are the tendencies most likely to endure, and the most promising for a future harvest; what is germinating and fermenting now to bring profit and joy to the coming century.

Art is one of the highest functions of the human mind. Inseparable from the rest, it gains nothing by wilful isolation in repining contemplation and barren regrets for the past. It is not a chimerical realm beyond our daily life, but an ideal extension of that life, a magic mirror in which its ephemeral facts are concentrated into eternal types. The splendid and vigorous phases of art correspond to the periods when humanity has been able to collect all its strength with one common faith for one great mission, when it has believed in its own worth, found in itself a justification of its existence, with joy and pride. The natural flowering of the art of antiquity, the noble balance of the thirteenth century, the glory of the Renaissance, were the outcome of times when humanity was fully conscious of its harmonious strength and beauty; when it did not succumb to a pre-existent ideal flitting before its eyes as an injunction to scorn and neglect itself. Art is the crown of the human type which life strives to achieve, and this is what gives unity, solidity and serenity to its work. The best Gothic is less a reflection of sickly ecstasy than of a coherent

I BRETON
Haymakers

SALONS II 1901



M. BASCHET.
Portrait of Mademoiselle M..

SALONS OF 1901.



and lofty doctrine, of the courteous manners and serious valor of true knights, of the exquisite grace of princesses and the stalwart beauty of the populace. The Venetians of the sixteenth century glorified the haughty grace and enchanting charm of their manners and of the sky above them, just as the Dutch of the seventeenth century have left us a perfectly faithful and clumsy record of popular heroism, sturdy good nature, and a stern moral temper.

Each and all, they accept the humanity of their day, the nature around and within them. It is not enough to say they accept it; they seize the stir and bustle of life in an impassioned embrace; they try to rescue those expressive forms from the swift increasing ebb. As the great poet advises, they love the thing which can never be seen twice, and, infusing all their love into its image, they give it a right to eternity. This is why there is so much of modern actuality in every really living work. Every poem, said Goethe, is a poem of circumstance, for it springs from a direct feeling, a personal conception.

Hence it is a misapprehension of the real function of imitation to regard it as a final ideal, an insuperable limit line. The effort to seem a Greek of the fifth century, or an Italian of the sixteenth, is a restricting effort, stifling the germ of novelty and individuality which might enrich the domain of art. What others have already done can only be imperfectly done again: they were borne on the current of their own time, moved by the ideas and feelings of their race. Think aloud, feel passionately, be yourself a man of your time, struggle with the immediate problems forced upon you by nature and society, and learn to derive from the great examples of the past those universal laws of unity, expression, and transposition which must govern every work of art.

This lesson of sincerity may be learnt from the delightful poets of the last century, who made our modern art truly living and truly French. If the painters of the coming century relapse into

servitude it will be because they put on the fetters of their own foolish will. Their seniors have done good work for them. The great characteristic of the art of the nineteenth century is its slow emancipation from rigid academic formulas, and its increasingly direct familiarity with living facts. The Græco-Roman ideal, gradually distorted, and stripped of its solid value by the poorest imitations, has been born again by free spirits, who, face to face with nature, have rediscovered innocence of soul and youthful



instinct. The tradition is dead which tried to fit ready-made types and school recipes to the infinite diversity of the world. True tradition is an inward force, a lofty guidance of the spirit, linking the present to the past.

That past was glorious, who shall deny it? But the conditions of modern life are different; different too the aspects and scenes which invite, and rest or charm our gaze. Nature, herself immutable, rouses in us more complex sensations and more thrilling emotions. Science, and all the knowledge we have gained, have enriched her with new import. Even her external aspects

G. HAQUETTE

Heave Ho!

SALONS OF 1901.

J.-L. GEROME.
The Nile in Flood near Thebes.

SALONS OF 1901.



F. BRIDGMAN.

After the Feast ; — Port of Algiers.

SALONS OF 1851



are altered by the toil and labors of man : furnaces lift their tall and tragic chimneys to the sky, staining it with smoke. And a people unknown dwells among these new-created surroundings, with a soul and passions and beauty of its own. The modern nude even is not the antique nude. Things have not changed in themselves, but their relations change. Thus, to be on a level with the Greeks we must not try to re-create forms which were beautiful in their logical relation to humanity as it was then ; we must take a fresh view of men and things, with the same sincerity and glowing simplicity which fired those perfect artists. Then alone shall we see without disguise, admire with an unbiassed mind, and again create perennial nature and mutable humanity with passionate earnestness and sympathy.

Thus shall we vivify tradition ; not by subservience to the letter, but by renewal of the spirit. And the general laws which, having their origin in the type of the human soul, impress on a work of art its unity, coherence and logic, will themselves include strong impressions and sincere emotions. The mind which has the unfettered use of its healthy vigor and moves freely in obedience to passion, has a large conception of a whole, and subordinates the accidental to the essential. The highest order is but the visible expression of the highest love. Thus the true Greeks of the last century were Prud'hon, Corot, Millet, the men who threw off the pedantry of rules and followed the sweet liberty of instinct. Thanks to them, art, which was pursuing chimeras, dragged hither and thither by antagonistic authorities, finally gave us a faithful and deeply-felt presentment of French nature and French life. From them dates a truly indigenous art whose vitality is far from being exhausted.

They set the example ; art took root in our soil, and was no longer a hot-house plant needing shelter and culture, but a strong sapling full of juices. Like all the really great schools, whether of Florence, Venice or Holland, the French school now sought

inspiration in the life close at hand, in surrounding realities, while reserving the right to express them sympathetically or to dress them in the halo of dreams. Mere intellectual emotions, compounded of memories, can never have any direct eloquence, or the racy freshness of sensations hailed day by day, transfigured by association and expanded by thought, recording at once both the beauty of the universe and the inward thrills of a sensitive soul. The most imaginative art—that of a Dürer or a Rembrandt—can only be based on observation. We can express nothing with convincing force which has not directly affected ourselves. And now more than ever, in the complexity and strain of modern social life, it is the artist who preserves intact the power of emotion. He it is who educates our sensibility. The modern world is suffering from an excess of abstract ideas. The relation of the man to the community, of the individual to the State, of the workman to the company employing him, are all abstractions. Each human creature fitted into a place is reduced to being a mere pawn in the game. Our brains are furnished with abstractions. The mechanical routine of intellectual processes tends to crush the free play of feeling and the warmth of life, just as city scenes keep the eyes from seeing real nature, and the struggle for life exhausts the will and the nerves. Let us then in art at least find refreshment, a living fount, not mere book-lore, chill allegories, deductive reasoning, but the eternal youth of primal force, the play of

The pure and sparkling waters
Which flow unforced from natural springs,

the treasures of "the unconscious," in a word concrete sensations and familiar emotions. As a man of instinct, intuition, and perfect sensibility, the artist chiefly sees in the world what appeals to the feelings. He knows the moral import of things visible, the hieroglyphics and symbols of the universe. He reads the wondrous page of nature as an open book. While he must be like us all to

M^{lle} JUANA ROMANI.

An Infanta.

SALON 61 1911



E. PETITJEAN.

Dunkirk.

SALONS OF 1901.

reveal to us the real good things of life, which are the same for all men, he is unlike inasmuch as he has the special gift of discerning and interpreting the inner meaning of things seen.

The thing which constitutes invention in the domain of plastic art is the personal sense of drawing, the discovery of a new character in form. There is the drawing of Dürer as of Michael Angelo ; of Cranach as of Rembrandt. And this characteristic



draughtsmanship is the expression of a different sensibility. The true function of the artist is to understand the language of gesture and attitude, and how these movements, this rise and fall, respond to desires, purposes, thoughts, and the myriad shades of the inner life, through the vestment of matter, and to suggest in all things the reality of the invisible. He places on his canvas or fixes in marble the proud or insinuating curves of life, the outward rhythm of sentiments and passions. A childish craving, some will say; a survival of infancy which makes us take pleasure in images, but a primordial need, its origin lost in the beginnings of the

human race. It is very difficult to imagine how stern and tragical must have been man's first encounters with nature; how overfull of desire or of aversion, of terror or of love, the first sensations apprehended by his just dawning intelligence. The forces and forms of the outer world must have touched him so nearly, have mingled as a caress or a threat in every action, at every moment of his existence. He was compelled to exert the activities of his mind to escape from this crushing contact. Art was a triumph of his spirit and his affections, a disinterested delight to his liberated intellect. And if the poignancy of these primitive feelings has been somewhat dulled by civilization we still recur to it with joy. The bond which links the artist to a past world is twined of ancient memories and immemorial reminiscences.

Thus it is the character stamped in the form which should guide us in our judgment of a work of art, rather than the choice of the subject, which is of secondary interest. At the same time it may be curious to note what are the ideas which most frequently seem to present themselves to the fancy of our artists, if only to understand more fully the effect exerted by intellectual progress on the productions of art.

The nineteenth century was an age of criticism and of poetry in almost equal parts. At no other time—excepting perhaps, with a due regard to the differences, the Alexandrian age—were the civilizations of the past revived and tried with so much intensity of purpose; never had men a more accurate, and at the same time synthetical knowledge of the great epochs of human history. History indeed, history calling up the past, and reconstructing, by the most elaborate analysis, the aspect and the spirit of past ages; history, which had all the certainty of a science and the interest of a romance, resuscitated bygone life in vivid and lifelike imagery. The smallest details of fashion and manners, religion and mythology, phases of thought and feeling, were all during those years of curious enquiry, set before our eyes with the illusion of reality.

Mⁿ V. DEMONT-BRETON.
Reviving Embers.

SALONS OF 1901.



... n. Demont-Bryton 1900

P. CHABAS.

Among the Ruins (Athens).

SALONS OF 1901.



Thus humanity learned to know itself and its long and tragical experiences, its unbroken march towards the ideal, from prehistoric hordes to the gallant exquisites of the last century. Can we wonder that art too endeavored to produce its Legend of the Ages? The reconstruction effected by archæology, by picturesque and intimate details, and by increased knowledge of social and intellectual conditions, gave birth to works which pleased the erudite and amused the imaginative. Jewish and Pagan antiquity, the Old Testament and Olympus, Christian idylls and tragedy, Egypt and Assyria, Rome and Greece, Æschylus and Shakespeare, Mérimée and Flaubert, furnished, and will still furnish, such subjects as attract the modern mind in which such a motley throng of memories push and elbow. The only point is whether the artist succeeds in conveying a general purpose by the scene he sets before us, whether he has made it his own and impressed it on us by intrinsic feeling and a fresh interpretation.

While the art of the Renaissance reflects the rapture of rediscovery of the antique, that of our own day reflects the singular facility of the modern mind for assimilating the thoughts and feelings of past generations. Puvis, with his personal dignity of style and his highly sympathetic intellect, became by turns the contemporary of every period, and could express the simplicity of the primitive Gaul, Gothic faith, a vision of Ancient Greece, and the mysticism of the cloister. Nay, at one time it seemed possible that the nineteenth century, crushed by weight of knowledge, a mere receptacle of remote ideas and retrospective images, might forget to live its own life and establish its own faith, to revert to extinct modes of living and die forgotten deaths. Intellectual dilettantism tempted many to its Nirvana. But the necessities of life have insistently recalled to the actual present a phase of art which was atrophied in a passive worship of the past. Artists of true sympathy and feeling have given us a presentment of modern life.

We can now no longer say that the last century has left us no significant image of itself. Freed from the academic rules in which David tried to fetter it, art is human, domestic, intimate. As Millet became the poet of peasant life, so Fantin-Latour is the historian of domestic scenes full of severe grace and contemplative sentiment. Such painters of to-day as Besnard, Blanche and Simon express with wonderful delicacy the intellectual elegance and dignity of modern society or the pure, reserved charm of secluded life. Others have shown us with sting and biting irony the paradoxical attractions of theaters and bars, of meretricious or debased humanity.

But the most significant feature of all is the effort made to enter sympathetically into the life and soul of the poor. Diderot already had called on the artists of his time to quit the drawing-room for the workshop, the boudoir for the market-place and the street, as if he had foreseen the advent of Daumier and of Millet. Art has followed this leading, and has benefited by it. It found there gestures large and free, purposeful attitudes, and as truly rhythmic to use and function as those of the Greek Athlete and Discobolus; humanity still near to nature, and therefore more expressive of perennial feeling. The true artist instinctively prefers all that is not limited or distorted by prejudice or cant. He seeks desperately for nature and truth, he is inevitably antagonistic to all artifice. When he meets it he is critical and negative; he takes refuge in mere proud and disdainful dexterity. But he can only express with full and genuine faith the broad, simple truths of humanity. It is not then surprising that he should have been happy in expressing kindly and homely domestic life, unconscious heroism, and the spontaneous instincts and sentiments that are found in simpler and more cordial surroundings. We might almost say that the mysterious sympathy which led Rembrandt to study in the streets of Amsterdam his ragged and bare-footed wretches, and to paint so earnestly every form of human suffering, has come to life again in our democratic art, in obedience to the

R. DESVARREUX.

"Vive l'Empereur! — Waterloo".

SALONS OF 1901.



P. PETIT-GÉRARD.
The Grenadiers of the Guard 18 August 1870.

SALONS OF 1901.

sense of social unity and pity which are stirring our souls. We cannot mistake the religious feeling which inspired Millet and disarmed Daumier's keen irony in the presence of the heroical beauty of toil. And do we not find the same sentiment in the work of Ribot or Cals, full as they are of democratic instincts? I see it even in the blunt kindliness of Puvis's heads, in his



Poor Fisherman; and yet more clearly in Cazin, the great artist too early dead. And again it is conspicuous in the works of Carrière, as an eloquent appeal, a fervid and anxious aspiration for a more normal, a simpler human ideal, in which the purer and deeper instincts may be shown undistorted; and also as a reaction against the limitations on the free expansion of the human creature that are imposed by rigid conventions and selfish interests. Thus it would seem that the centre of gravity of art has shifted, and that a new epoch calls for a new form of

expression. Art, it appears, is expressing in its own way a desire for simplification and renewal and, in this legitimate desire, has been ready to bathe in the democratic stream and find freer utterance for gravity, seriousness and tenderness ; in short, it aims at casting off all ironical dilettantism and purposeless sleight of hand. This, in my opinion, is the most living and fruitful tendency of contemporary art ; for it is one with the spirit of our time, and is a logical outcome of the best efforts of the men of the last century, bringing art back to nature and humanity.



A. VOLLON.
The Pretty Soubrette.



ABEL FAIVRE
A Lady with a Fan.

SALONS OF 1891





SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

PAINTING.

THE Society of French Artists has, this year, played a waiting game. It seems to say to its dashing rival : " Go ahead, prance and dazzle us. I am keeping myself back, quite sure that when amazement is over, the public will return to me. For I have a public more faithful and perhaps more serious than yours. I crave no success founded on curiosity, nay, not to say on scandal. But we all know that all is not gold that glitters, and we have seen these brief glories that blaze and die. You broke up the union and forced the schism. But take care, the Independents have an eye on you and are raising an altar to rival yours. Vuillard and Bonnard will avenge my wrongs." I am making the worthy body rather perverse and cross-grained perhaps ; but I think it might, with a good grace, assume the part of moderator, and hold the scales, a very needful function in contemporary art. It does undoubtedly include men of very various and striking talent, and I am happy to acknowledge that we here find solid and serious work.

Nor, believe me, does it lack youth, that youth at any rate which is not measured by years. There is a serious and earnest fire which ages not, the reward of perfect sincerity. Harpignies

is, I believe, the doyen of French painters. But who would think it on seeing these two landscapes, so richly verdurous, so full of vitality. They are the outcome of much study, of constant and enthusiastic intercourse with nature. Harpignies reminds me of a hale woodman who indefatigably does his tale of sound work. None so well as he understands the noble architecture of tree-growth, the strong, gnarled aspects of nature. In these two pictures, so soundly composed, so softly bright, Harpignies has outlined against the sky the stalwart and rugged trunks firmly set in the soil, has balanced the noble masses of foliage, and gladdened the green veterans with a tender silvery glow. The pale blue sky is impalpably remote; we feel the intoxication of a fine day, and the light atmosphere of the south. We could fancy we smelt the fragrance of this holiday of nature which invites the hunter to seek among the thickets, and the goat-girl to sing as she leans against some great tree. The silvery grey of the foliage is exquisite. This art, frank as it is in its somewhat rough simplicity, is at once naïf and learned. Harpignies, who can remember the heroic days of French landscape-painting, who in his early Italian pictures was so much like Corot, who again reminds us of Rousseau by the firmness of his drawing, holds a place quite apart among the artists of to-day. He combines a feeling for style with a great freshness of impression. He sets out his forms very strongly, insisting on the ruggedness of nature, and he loves pale lights which "pull together" all the features of the landscape.

Pointelin, different as he is, nevertheless aims too at breadth and a firm sense of construction. He moves in a narrow circle, but he gives it grandeur by his constant care for universal truths. His favorite themes are well known, always found in the Jura. Bare and simple scenes, wide plains in remote perspective under clouds and the doubtful glimmer of twilight, pools framed in dull-toned grass and reflecting the grey-blue evening sky, isolated

H. HARPIGNIES.
La Tête de Chien » ; *Mentone.*

SALONS OF 1883.



L. BONNAT.

Justice.

(A Ceiling for the First Court of the Tribunal of Appeal of Paris. Palace of Justice.)

SALONS OF 1901.



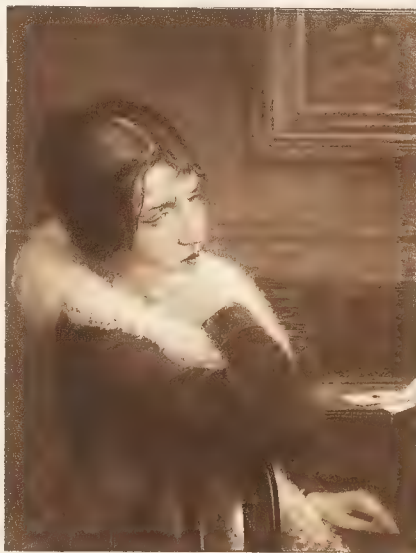
T. ROBERT-FLEURY.

Melancholy.

SALONS OF 1901.

trees against vacancy, or terraced slopes and the wide curve of a distant horizon. Pointelin is ever faithful to these subjects, and modulates the theme with endless variations. He seems to be ever seeking some more eloquent and complete solution for one and the same problem, to express a final harmony in a complete demonstration. He balances tone, he fuses the various degrees of distance ; he brings the exactitude of a savant to the emotions of a poet.

Thus we see that landscape, which played so important a part in the history of French art in the nineteenth century, has here many eminent representatives. We shall presently meet with others. But what is especially characteristic of the Society of French Artists is a love for large canvases and imaginary rather than realistic subjects. It is here then that



we must look for its justification and estimate its importance.

Léon Bonnat exhibits a large work, a ceiling intended for the first hall of the Court of Appeal in Paris. The subject is Justice. In a theme so abstract and so unmarked by date, the painter cannot be expected to find anything new, only to render strongly certain simple ideas. Justice is the bond which holds communities together, the supreme guarantee of personal security and social peace. If it is hurt only in one point, that is enough

to spread incurable uneasiness throughout the community, and to make each individual feel wounded in that collective consciousness which is the honor of a civilized people. The Protector and Avenger of the weak, the Foe of violence and falsehood, so august a figure must show the benevolence that inspires trust, and the force which inspires fear. This is how Léon Bonnat has conceived and composed his allegory. A majestic woman, stalwart and calm, robed in a white tunic and dark-blue mantle, is enthroned on clouds, like Christ at the Last Judgment. Her left hand is extended protectingly over a mother who, with her child in her arms, is craving help; her right hand, held almost horizontally, repels Hypocrisy and Violence who are falling into the abyss, like the Crimes spurned by Jupiter in Veronese's ceiling in the Louvre. At the top of the picture soars Truth, with a fine undulating movement, her right arm thrown back and her left hand holding her mirror. Her body, in graceful curves, is seen against a red drapery that swells like a sail. Over the mother's knees lies a yellow robe. The clouds seem rather too solid — to be sure we see the picture much too close — with their russet shadows and the felted texture peculiar to the painter. Their mass too is heavy and shapeless against the clear sky. The coloring is clear and bold, but not pictorially delightful. But the story is plainly told, intelligible and authoritative from afar. All the upper part of the composition is a sort of free arabesque, and the figure of Truth is at once robust and graceful. It is all the more to be regretted that the action of the arms is inelegant and not accounted for. Why does the right elbow rest for support on so insecure a base as drapery blown by the wind? If she is to float as an immaterial being, why should she need support? The mother again, who invokes the aid of Justice, might have been of a less vulgar type and more passionately expressive. And, finally, I have to bring forward a more serious objection. Are the various groups engaged in the Allegory sufficiently connected?

J. GEOFFROY.
« *Resigned.* »

SALONS OF 1901.

The appeal for protection is not sufficiently eager ; the gesture which promises it is not sufficiently convincing ; it scarcely differs from the movement which repels and curses. I quite understand that the artist aimed at giving the principal figure an aspect of august, immovable serenity. It is Law, Justice, not Charity ; and yet if the expression had been a little softened by benevolence I think the work would not have suffered ; a more evident good-



will would have invited a more fervent petition, and the general scheme of the composition which to me seems rather incoherent, would have been more impressive. Still, the work has dignity and power. Each part, separately, shows the vigor, the sober and conscientious energy in which M. Bonnat never fails. A broader lyric feeling would no doubt have pulled the figures together to greater pathos of action.

Among idealist pictures may be placed the works of M. Henri Martin, though they are wrought with a subtle observation of

reality. Henri Martin is a painter of ideas and symbols, but he sets them in realistic surroundings and transposes the real into dreams. His technical peculiarities, cross-hatching and comma-like touches, aim only at sublimating his figures with supernatural grace. The method might be better were it more judicious and less obvious, if it is true that in a work of art the process should be unperceived. But this artist has always something to say that is worth saying, and though the judgment may find something to object to, there can be no doubt of the pure and refined sentiment of all his works. The *Bucolic* of this year is a companion to *Serenity* exhibited in 1899. Beyond the breaks in a pine wood, of which the trunks are splashed with sunshine while the earth is dappled with flecks of light through the boughs, we see the fresh green of a sunlit meadow where the mowers are busy, in well-considered attitudes of action. On the fringe of the copse a woman is nursing a child; under the shade is a shepherd wrapped in a woollen cloak, watching his flock, a boy by his side. It is a pleasing scene of nature, sweet but sad. To the left, in the foreground, is a kneeling youth—is he the Prodigal Son, or the poet musing in the scene he loves?—his head bowed in prayer, while a Muse flying upwards lifts her lyre to heaven. It is all touched with emotional grace, the figures and attitudes are expressive; at the same time we find here perhaps too much assumed artlessness and affected simplicity, consequently the story is obscure. To me the scene would have had much more genuine and wholesome charm without the kneeling figure wrapped in a mysterious purple mourning robe, and sunk in an inexplicable attitude. The disparity is too great between the rustic simplicity of the scene and the symbolical penitent. And the Muse with her meagre lines and sharp face mars the fair spring day and the landscape sweet with new-mown hay. Henri Martin's graceful sentiment would be altogether captivating if he could persuade himself to be more natural.

G. HITCHCOCK.
The Last Moments of Sappho

SALONS OF 1901



H. MARTIN.
Bucolic.

SALONS OF 1901



This, however, is, of course, the most difficult thing in the world. Many an artist is wrecked on his own too complicated purpose. Nature, he thinks, is not full enough, while in fact it is inexhaustible and affords symbols to represent every conception of the mind. May we not recall those words of Dürer's: "Art is in truth contained in nature; he who can drag it forth possesses it." And that great imaginative artist knew that the greatest imaginings could only be based on a persistent and passionate study of the eternal model.

Of imaginative pictures here, one of the most interesting beyond a doubt is *Night Moths*, by Edgar Maxence. This artist has a very dainty fancy. He can create a myth; that is to say can personify the forces, the odors and the sounds of nature. When his poetical inventiveness is seconded by deeper study and freer facility he will, we hope, reveal to us the sweet disturbing visions known only to poets. Has he not already shown us the song of the wild wood, uttered by the parted lips of fair nymphs? Perchance he has learned the secrets of Queen Mab, and overheard the whisper of Titania with Pease-Blossom and Mustard-Seed. In his picture this year, a large decorative work of fine character, he paints the dream and mystery of twilight, the flutter of moths as they spread their streaked and spotted brown or grey wings, the sinister flitting of waking bats, the slow advent of dreams and apparitions under closing eyelids.

Against a bewildering background of landscape, hinting of precipices and rocks and faintly blue glaciers, we see a semi-circle of light; a sturdy but twisted pine-trunk lies like a bridge across the abyss, and figures float up like birds of the night on outspread wings tinged with orange by the dying light. The Genius of the Twilight, a fine and lofty form, his head against a glowing glory of light, soars calmly and solemnly up, a lyre in his hand. By his side are women singing, striking the tambourine, and scattering to the air dim irises of which they have also twined

themselves crowns. The scheme of the vision fills all the sky, the sweeping crowd turning off to the right, till it is lost in a perspective of vaguer forms dancing in the air and borne on the clouds. It is something between an ecstatic dream and a nightmare. There is a suggestion of a Witches' Sabbath and of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and this indecisiveness is perhaps what the painter intended, between fascination and vague horror; it must be admitted that he keeps us in pleasant suspense on the very slope of a dream. The work is strange and sumptuous, in short very captivating; and it shows a keen and refined eccentricity of mind. Some parts are admirably painted, such as the Genius of the Night, delicately touched with light, but some arid stiffness and conventionality of drawing are also to be seen. Still, it is full of original fancy, and a fine sense of line and balance.

Here, again, on the borderland of reality, in the realm of poetry and truth which was open to Giorgione, to Watteau and to Henner, we find a thing of beauty, of refined love and simple sincerity, a work in which the landscape and figures are in delightful harmony and the beauty of woman is set forth with a touch of individual novelty. This is *Rhythm* so-called, by Mademoiselle Dufau. This lady is not unknown to those who look out for painstaking and original work. Two years ago she exhibited, under the title of *Toledo*, a female figure which was one of the best paintings of the nude in the Salon. But Mademoiselle Dufau had not then solved the problem of placing the human figure in the heart of nature, as she has done this year, under diffused light, and of giving the tender gleam and rosy pallor of a woman's skin amid foliage and flowers. The landscape is beautiful, delicately luminous—an open country with blue hills in the distance, a river that glitters as it flows, groups of trees in the meadow, a clump of rhododendrons, and a tank of marble with statues russet and tawny with time. In this setting, where the newness of nature mingles with a perfume of antiquity, figures of delicious

R. KNIGHT
Day-dream

SALE NO. 101



G. DUBAU .
Rhythm

SALON DE 1911



M^{re} E. SONREL.

Laura.

SALONS OF 1901.

youthfulness and innocence live and move as the familiar natives of this flowery retreat. To the left we see a girl standing with her back to us; she is divesting herself of her fluttering white draperies. Somewhat nearer another (and she is a little heavy in modeling—the only point open to criticism) is playing the pan-pipes; a third, the most bewitching of all, is seated on the margin of the pool turning her firmly drawn and slender figure towards the spectator while she dips her left hand in the water. These youthful creatures live and breathe, they have the fulness and substance of living flesh, and are modeled with equal breadth and delicacy; they seem to be seen through a translucent fluid, an impalpable atmosphere which gives them refinement and poetry. The treatment is at once tra-



ditional and novel; it owes something to the latest developments, and combines womanly sentiment with a consistency which I should be glad to call manly—for in this work we see not merely a very tender sweetness, but a feeling for truth and general effect which might be imitated by many a painter.

Sleight of hand and dexterity are means to every end, but sufficient for none; and a logical, coherent interpretation of nature,

a work in which the same feeling is evident in every form, the mirror of purpose and technique, are not of every-day occurrence.

These are what attract me in a picture, a little poor in texture, but remarkable for its color arrangement and drawing, its swift and certain correctness of outline, by M. Grau. He gives us a hunting scene: nymphs in pursuit of birds through the glades of autumn woods by a blue pool. Nymphs who leap and stop or look back, in attitudes as graceful as they are natural. How easy, for instance, is the action of the saucy maid who laughs as she rolls on the dead leaves.

The Forest and the Spring, again, by M. Amédée is well conceived as a whole: drooping verdure, quivering waters and a nude beauty crouching in a natural attitude of timidity. Unfortunately the expression of the face is a grimace, and the deliberate choice of a yellow light is unpleasing, though it is consistently carried out.

I should be glad to praise M. Thiérot's *Water Nymphs*, pretty pale figures in an evening landscape, if they were not too limp and flaccid, and if the scene were more nobly treated. An artist must be able to create the setting before calling up the divinity; the exquisite phantoms of antiquity will not appear to us in the crude light of reality. The first and most essential creation of an artist is such an environment as makes a dream seem probable; the clothesless females who have their being in a photographed landscape are indeed naked women, but neither nymphs nor goddesses.

The task of the painter, as of the poet, is a transposition of key; reality must remain in all its essential factors. It may be, as Poussin would have it, voluptuous or triumphant, idyllic or martial.

The enormous canvas on which M. Lalire displays the pageantry and sports of Tritons and Nereids reveals true originality and amazing redundancy. This mythological subject, expressed in the florid decorative style of the seventeenth century in France and

J. ZUBER
In the Heart of the Forest: - Upper Alsace

ALONG 3 1901



M. THIÉROT
Water Nymphs

SALONS OF 1901



Flanders, overflows with exuberant and muscular forms. It is tumultuous and gleeful. The pity is that nature is absent, excepting as a memorandum; these huge bodies are blown out rather than solid, puffy and untrue.

M. Gervais' *Bacchanalian Scene* suffers from the same defects. It occupies a huge canvas. In some bay of Sicily or Greece, overhung by a towering mass of rocks that reminds us of the noble hill-cliffs of Capri, a sacrifice to Bacchus is burning on an altar raised on a rocky terrace above the sea. A semi-nude Bacchante is crowning a priest with ivy; all round are revelers male and female, and others are seen approaching from afar; thyrsus in hand and clothed with the fawn-skin, they stand on the flat rocks or leap among the juniper and myrtle-shrubs; some support Silenus on his ass. The whole thing is skilfully composed; the attitudes are varied, the lines of the landscape are noble and broad. And yet, in spite of all, the picture lacks purpose and style. What would be pleasing in an illustration is inadequate in a large painting. The drawing is weak, the modeling poor, the color thin and superficial. These Bacchantes remind us of the rose-water mythology of Alma Tadema; they have nothing of the great antique passion about them. They are theatrical *figurantes*, and perform their parts in this pantomime transformation scene without any conviction. We do not for a moment feel the ebullition of natural forces, the great swirl of mysticism and sensuality which transported the neurotic enthusiasts of Greece. Think for a moment of the wild frenzy, the ringing tones of gold and brass which give the note to Poussin's *Bacchanalia*; of the vigor of life that stirs in his figures, the poetry of color that glows over all. With just a few figures he could set before us the strange intoxication which filled the votaries or the victims of Bacchus with the heady aroma of universal life.

Not every great canvas is a great work of art. A man who may succeed in shaping a sonnet may fail in an epic or a lyric

drama. A drop of poetry which would suffice to give fragrance to a cup evaporates when diluted. I admire the artist who gives us the perfume of the antique, the sweetness of the idyl, the true Greek sense of power and finished rhythm. But hasty inventiveness and dexterous handicraft cannot work the miracle. Creativeness is needed to effect such an intimate concord between man and nature that the human figure is as it were the flower of the landscape; to produce, as Henner can, a strain of white mysterious beauty in harmony with russet woods deep in shade in the calm evening glow.

M. Rochegrosse has attempted a piece of archæological reconstruction. A triptych, in a frame of Egyptian design, tells us the curious legend of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: how that these two royal personages, anticipating modern telepathy, were in cabalistic communication, Solomon's yearning flying forth to the Queen in the guise of the magical hoopoe Houdhoud, who, visible to her alone, bore his love messages to her closet; how that the Queen, with a splendid retinue, supported by beautiful Nubian slaves, wearing on her head the mysterious Simurganka, the bird with a human head, and armed with her own perfect grace, appeared before the Wise King who welcomed her with enthusiasm; how that the chivalrous sovereign brought the Queen of Beauty into his harem. M. Rochegrosse might learn from Lessing what is and what is not to be painted. He might take for his text this very bird Simurganka, which pleases the fancy of the poet, but which realized on canvas is but a monstrous scare-crow. For my part I would rather admire the charming details, the loving brushwork expended on the graceful figures in the shadow, female forms very cleverly reminding us of those chiseled on Egyptian sarcophagi.

Bouguereau exhibits *Love flying over the Water*. The figure, admirably drawn and delicately modeled, swinging by two very slender boughs and supported by small dove's wings, will not

J. PERRAULT
The Holy Family

SALONS OF 1660



W. A. BOUGUEREAU
Cupid Flying over the Water

SALONS OF 1884



G. ROULLET.

Cod fishing : — Saint-Pierre and Miquelon.

SALONS OF 1901

help us to forget Prud'hon's *Zephyr*. By the same painter we find a female portrait, firmly handled.

Hippolyte Flandrin has composed a *Joan of Arc in prayer* for the church at Sèvres; she is quite infantile and artless, kneeling, her distaff in her hand, on the steps of an altar; behind her



we see rough men-at-arms; to her left a group of women and children, very touchingly simple, stand gazing at the heroine with tender respect.

Édouard Detaille displays all his wonted precision of drawing in the picture of *Maréchal Masséna and his Staff* riding past a battalion of grenadiers who are cheering him. Military subjects are, however, not numerous. I may name *After the battle of Borodino, evening*, by Lalauze; the *Death of Desaix*, by Le Dru; *Honor to the Veteran*, by Monge.

M. Tattegrain depicts the arrival at the port of Boulogne of a *Miraculous Virgin* attended by seagull angels. We may suggest

to the artist that the Golden Legend should not be treated in the same style or tone as the arrival of an ordinary packet-boat.

A decorative panel by Quost, intended for the Gobelins, is a delicate piece of work. The flowers which the painter knows so well, and whose growth he treats with such loving care, oleanders with their pale leaves, phlox and trailing roses, form in a fit accompaniment to the games of the maidens who are sporting in a Luxembourg garden of dream-land.

Some flowers by Cesbron are gorgeous; I could wish them less allegorical; those by Allouard, as fresh as a May morning, and those by Jasmin, of velvety sheen, will prove no less attractive than Bergeret's lobsters and Rozier's fish.

On the borderland between reality and dreams I find two girlish figures of slender form, wrapped in the folds of their fluttering white and violet draperies. They lean over the waters, waves less sinuous than their fragile forms, waves dark and treacherous, and watch the brown sails which may never return to the land. This is a very subtle piece of work, in intention, in drawing, and in color; there is something disquieting in the feeling roused by its rather forced exquisiteness, the excessive fragility and pliability of the two figures. And yet, perhaps after all I am mistaken, for the picture is harmonious and serious in its subdued tones, its deep gradual shading. In fact, I am captivated by the anguish of this *Farewell*, in which Ridel is as much a poet as a painter.

Another piece of very delicate feeling is *Summer Joys* by Guinier. By a pool surrounded by wooded hills a young woman, lying on the flowery mead, shows her lissome back and rounded hip, which are very carefully modeled; she looks round at us — an ingenuous girlish face with a child's unconscious purity, the very innocence of nature discovered in solitude, very youthful and very amorous.

Brémond's *Flowers of the pool* is a pretty decorative panel; so

F. TATTEGRAIN.
The Miraculous Virgin.

SALONS OF 1901.



L. RIDEL.
Farewell.



are the spring-like *Hymen*, of the American painter Leftwich-Dodge, and the *Young Mother* spinning by the cradle of her infant, by a Roumanian, Gropeano.

Power and simplicity characterise Henner's *Nymph*, a pure pearl of light gleaming in an autumn landscape. The amber pallor and coolness of the flesh, the rich mysterious background of russet and golden woods, the perfect finish of the painting, the certainty of modeling which epitomises everything, giving in a few touches the dazzling charm of nude beauty, all show absolute mastery; this is reality controlled by art.

This master of delicate modeling exhibits a recently executed *Portrait of a lady*, a bust seen in profile. With a low black dress which shows off the whiteness of her neck and shoulders, and red hair rolled high on a small round head, she is seen against a clear blue background; the forms are round and firm, but, while we admire the wonderful brushwork which gives softness to the outlines and a sort of ring to the tone and strong coloring, we cannot but ask ourselves whether, in this fine portrait, which is also a study of character, the tone of the shadows is strictly in accordance with a background apparently painted last.

Portrait painting lies at the root of historical painting; it brings us into touch with the aspects of the human face, introduces us to the inner man, reveals his individuality and tells us his history. What can be more captivating? The most interesting fiction has no such personal hold on us. And the particular truth is involved in general truth. A good portrait typifies a time, a race. There is a common aspect, a movement, a turn of the head, a set of the body, all corresponding to the bent of the mind, the hue of feeling, the moral and intellectual aims of every period. Can the individualism of the Italian Renaissance be more clearly expressed than in Titian's portraits, so living and true in the expression of a haughty and overbearing temper, confident in its force and in its passion? Velasquez, by so entirely isolating his figures, gives

them imperious dignity; while the instinct and desire to please are shown in our eighteenth century portraits by a certain forwardness of demeanor, the smiling complaisance of beauty, and a general air of frank invitation to gossip. Anglo-Saxon aristocracy finds an interpreter to-day in Whistler, whose figures are retiring and subordinate to his harmonies of tone, while he wraps their material presence in disdainful mystery.

These are portraits full of meaning and divination, which seem to hold a mirror up to Fate. Fantin-Latour painted such heads in his *Coin de Table*. Others again are charged with historical emotion. Titian's *Charles V.* at Munich is as tragical as a drama by Shakespeare; the thin lips and funereal mien are full of the cold and cruel bargaining of the politician.

The manners of our time no longer admit the falsity of display and accessories; we require the artist to be a witness, not a courtier; to dominate and not to flatter us. Society and art have no vigor unless they give up all idea of concealing nature, and dare to contemplate and represent man as he is.

This loyalty of nature belongs without dispute to M. Léon Bonnat and would alone suffice to give his work as a portrait painter a documentary value. But his presentments are a little rigid; he has not always given them the movement which is a sign of life. He is direct and blunt; what he sees, he sees clearly; but he does not seem to see everything. Nature, especially human nature, is more complex than he paints it; and it is complexity which constitutes temperament, a mixture in short. Nevertheless, narrowed insight may lead to conviction, and the *Portrait of M. Loubet* by Bonnat is the portrait of a man of convictions painted by a man of convictions. We see that, face to face with his sitter, Bonnat has thoroughly grasped all the assurance expressed in the features, the calm tenacity that lies in the bony substructure of the face. He has honestly painted an undeviating will, but in my opinion with something over tense in the attitude.

J. WAGREZ
The Fortune teller

SALE No. 9. 1-101



JACQUES WAREZ - 1901.

MISS E. STRONG.

Jealousy.

SALONS OF 1901

And he has overlooked the geniality, the bright smile of those clear eyes, and the humor of experience. We have here a rather hard piece of work, solid rather than attractive, in short strong.

Benjamin-Constant, an artist who has no objection to creating a sensation, and commonly succeeds in doing so, exhibits two important paintings. They attract and hold our attention. The *Portrait of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.* is full of life and dazzle, with the piquant effect of a transient expression. Dressed in his purple robe over a creamy white cassock, Leo XIII. is seen sitting, in profile. A shadow falling obliquely across the picture leaves the



bust in full light, the head with silver hair under the white cap, the strong features, luminous with intellect and kindliness, refined and spiritualised by age. But what strikes us at once, as the artist intended it should, is the fugitive smile which lifts the corner of the mouth and just puckers the cheek ; and this transient, fleeting, fluttering smile seems to me a little set, because the drawing lacks breadth. The painter has just failed in a difficult task which a great sculptor of the past century would have triumphantly achieved.

The other portrait by this artist is that of *Queen Alexandra.*

The flower-like coloring and bright rosy hues of the cheeks, the pure glance of the blue eyes, the refinement and singleness of a countenance which looks out with cheerful courage at once exert their charm. The mass of brown hair powdered with gold harmonises well with the dimmer gold of autumn leaves. The seven rows of pearls round the throat, the boa of white feathers that quiver on her shoulders, the violet dress patterned with gold, all give an impression of sumptuous lightness. But the figure, so facile in its treatment, inadequately supports the vividly colored head, with its faintly violet-tinted half-lights. It is of deliberate purpose that this painter gives all the modeling and realism of tone to the upper part of a picture and too much neglects the lower portion of the work. The result is a lack of balance; the figure looks top-heavy. We could wish to see greater consistency and power in the work as a whole as we look at these very clever pictures.

Now I find this quality in the *Portraits of Mesdemoiselles L...* by Humbert. It is a work of the highest quality, complex in its elements but arranged with sound taste and a firm will, thenceforth master of the situation. Humbert has developed one of the most versatile and original talents of the modern school. For some time he sought his vocation; he seems to have found it in an original combination of the limpid manner of English eighteenth-century painters, and the subtle psychology of the French. For some years past his portraits, freely and gracefully drawn, cheerful in color and broad in technique, have shown him to possess a pleasing, intelligent manner with a certain sense of nobleness. Never has he done better, or with more taste and refinement, than in this picture. The two girls are seen in a park with a distant horizon of glaciers, by them is a tree overgrown by a flowering creeper. One sister is standing; she has brown hair, blue eyes, a round saucy face with small delicate features; she is born to action and has a very definite will of her own. Her left

I. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

*Portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales
Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.*

ST. JOHN'S, N. B.



J. HUMBERT
Portraits of Mesdemoiselles I

SIXTEEN CL. FOL.

hand rests on her hip; her right on a rustic table strewn with yellow roses. She wears a large black hat, a pale pink dress with a black velvet collar and belt. The other, bareheaded with light fair hair, is seated, her right hand hangs by her side holding a book; her studies have ended in a day-dream. She is gentler, more pensive than her sister. The broken lights of the sky and landscape are pleasantly repeated and carried out in her lilac-grey dress. A silvery, soothing atmosphere pervades the whole and gives unity to the picture. Only one thing can be objected to; the silky fair head stands out too strongly from the dark background. But the psychological character is quite delightful; the artist has exquisitely rendered the shade of difference in the two natures, while harmonising them by a common sentiment of simplicity and elegance. These two pretty creatures, though of good birth are perfectly simple; they are in the right key with cultivated and genial nature, dressed, as it were, to be a setting for them. They are not aloof from us by any pride of manner, any arrogance of mind or of attitude; they have a refined perfection of grace which is bred of liberty and seemliness; I could not say of what nationality they may be; but the hand that has depicted them is thoroughly French.

Ernest Laurent is one of the artists whose portraits record the intellectual history of our time. It is no doubt because he is possessed by the uneasy sensibility and pensive gentleness which characterise a period of transition, that he, like M. Aman-Jean, loves sentimentally subdued colors and misty forms. Beneath this somewhat vague manner, and in spite of a fidgetty technique, may be found a charm at once tender and sincere, types of being quite free from affectation, and true sympathies. His *Portrait of a Lady* is delightful. All in black, with a little white tulle tucker, she sits upright, her hands clasped in her lap. The harmony is calm, still, and grey; there is a dim light of rose color in a pink cushion and some pale anemones. The other *Portrait* of a

man is not less interesting though more meagre in type. The sitter, a man of grave and studious mien, is at his study-table, in front of a book-case where the old bindings afford an appropriate background. The eyes are deeply thoughtful; such eyes as follow you, and which it is hard to get away from.

Among many evidently faithful likenesses two are conspicuous for a keener insight of observation and a peculiarly attractive style of workmanship. A *Young Girl in White* is by H. de Beaumont, already known as an artist of deep and delicate feeling by the *Sick Child* and the *Breakfast* he painted last year; this maiden, in her simple white dress set off by a black velvet bow, looks out at us, her head a little thrown back and turned over her left shoulder, her bare arm hanging straight down. This is one of those happy "hits" in which the simple facts, the free treatment, the unhesitating firmness of expression give us a sense of something seen, felt, and recorded by a single impulse. And the environment in which this solid and refined figure stands explains and justifies her assured and unaffected confidence.

The *Portrait of the Duchesse de B...* by M. Cosson is not less noteworthy, though for very different qualities. Tall, slender and quivering with vitality, all in black with a large tulle scarf about her neck, an eager feverish profile is seen against a wild landscape of sea, of blue hills and ravines. There is something startling and nervous, too, in the crisp, bold brushwork, and the prevailing olive tones, something which reminds us of the rapid dash of the Spanish painters, as Beaumont recalls Manet's strong modeling. Cosson, who also exhibits a pretty, mysterious *St. John's Night* is certainly one of the most gifted of our younger men, alive both to the beauty of things and the character of human beings.

The *Portrait of Yvonne*, by Jules Lefebvre, is a learned piece of draughtsmanship, very characteristic in expression and subtle in tone; why then should the color, lavished on the accessories, fall short at the face which is the most important part?

A. LYNCH
Portrait of the Comtesse F. de S.

MARCH 8, 1907



IULIUS LEBEARE
Yvonne, — a portrait

ALBANY, N. Y.



HARRY-M. WALCOTT

Gossip

SATONS OF 1901

The soft modeling and suave firmness of Hébert's flesh-painting is seen in a female head of ivory complexion with unhealthy-colored lips, the bust set against a background of peacock-blue and green. The beauty is intellectual, but remote and unlife-like. I prefer his portrait of a child, very delicate and sweet, and freshly youthful in color, look and expression.

The *Portrait of Jeanne*, by Cormon, is full of supple movement



and interesting as a truthful study. I look round for those painters who give me a clear, strong sense of individuality, and in the very first rank I must speak of a work really fine in character, simply and forcibly drawn and modeled in a sober harmony of grey and black, and highly refined in expression. This is the *Portrait of my Father*, by M. Déchenaud. Very sound, too, full of speaking individuality, is the *Portrait of M. Paul Lafitte*, by Bordes, a painter whose method is decidedly mellowing; he paints a face admirably.

Wéry's head of a girl, very brilliantly treated, charms me more than his *Portrait of a Lady*, which, though well studied and distinguished in coloring, lacks decision of modeling and is frittered in effect. The *Portrait of the Comtesse B...*, by Henri

Royer, is the work of a keen observer, who, as a colorist, is too superficial.

That of *President Magnaud*, by Dastugue, shows the very man in his dress as a magistrate, but does not reveal, behind the firm will, the smiling humor of a Benjamin Franklin.

Mademoiselle Beaury-Saurel represents *Madame G. Ch...*, in evening dress, with her usual certainty of touch. Mademoiselle Boucher is precise, and Mademoiselle Chauchet exquisitely refined in some female portraits.

I may also mention some portraits of ladies by M. Lauth, warm in color but too vague in the drawing; a brilliant study of a young girl by M. Sinibaldi; and that of *Benjamin-Constant*, by Mademoiselle Delasalle, pleasing in color and sparkling with spirit, but thin in quality. M. Fougerat has thrown much force and character into his picture of a *Canon of Normandy*.

Among foreign artists, Mr. Waud, an Englishman, exhibits a capital portrait of a man, evidently like, and of life-like expression. A very pleasing female portrait, in a Louis-Philippe costume, is the work of an American lady, Miss Susan Watkins, who, under the title of *The Two Sisters*, exhibits one of the most elegant works in the Salon: two girls sit under a wall covered with ivy; the rose and white in soft shadow and the gradations of the flesh and draperies are admirably felt.

Since the middle of the last century the painting of genre and domestic scenes has strangely altered in character. Men have learnt that, as Fromentin remarked, it was more important to discern the spirit of things themselves than to put a spirit into them; so, from details of anecdote, we have risen to the expression of generalities, the wider humors of humanity. The purview being broader, the technique too has become freer, as with the Dutch painters. In this class of work, where straining after expression and elaboration of detail had become meretricious, the impressionist school, being, above all, a school of honest painting,

M^{rs} C. FOULD.
Queen of Hearts

SALONS OF 1901





H. ALBERTI.
A Rehearsal at the Folies-Bergère.

SALONS OF 1901.



has made art a more important consideration than the trivialities of witticism. To every man his humor—ironical, pessimistic or good-natured,—but discipline of eye and brain and a broader aim at truth and simplicity now animate one and all.

I have too often reiterated elsewhere to repeat it here, that these independent painters were keen and unimpeachable observers of characters and manners. Like the Théâtre Libre, more lately, by creating a tide of truth, they have thrown discredit on the ballad and the melodrama in pictorial art; while this by no means excludes the sentiment that is roused by penetrating truth, nor the drollery which is spontaneous and natural.

More than one work in the Salon of the "French Artists" bears the stamp of this new expression of truth, the truth of all time. *Saying Grace*, by Désiré Lucas, is a picture full of feeling, in which the artist, well known for his subtle studies of Breton peasant life, has subordinated mere picturesqueness of costume to a broader human sentiment. In a cottage room a broken old man clasps his hands which a girl holds up. Standing opposite to him is a woman in prayer, while a heedless child already dips his spoon into his plate. The sun, shining brightly on an orchard, falls broadly through the window on the humble interior, on the grey walls and dark woodwork, throwing lights on the table-cloth and skillfully sketched accessories. The lost profile of the girl attending to her grandfather, and the child's head in a mist of light, are both delightful. The whole picture, powerful but delicate, would, however, have been improved by less over-solid painting. We see this artist again with his fine qualities of knowledge and feeling in a smaller work, *A Breton Legend*, in which the attitude of the woman telling the tale is perhaps a little theatrical, though the two listening children are sweet in their artless grace.

I must mention by itself a picture of great merit which is most undeservedly banished above "the line," on which so many

useless things are displayed. This is *Tranquillity*, by M. Synave. Never have the silence and restfulness of home or the charm of familiar objects been more simply rendered. A young woman sits at a tea-table, her left arm carelessly thrown over the back of her chair, while her right hand holds a Japanese fan; she looks out with light grey eyes, misty as it were with happy dreams. Behind, a child with brown hair, in a salmon-pink frock, is absorbed in its play. The yellow brass tea-pot, the blue and white cup, the flower in a vase, are all painted with delicate tenderness and a firm, full brush in a glowing atmosphere; the face is well modeled against the bright background; the light falls on the lady's right hand; the whole is a delightful piece of work. It bears the stamp of sincere feeling, of thorough purpose and care, and works of this quality are rare enough not to be neglected and overlooked.

I also greatly like Besson's *Home Life*; a young woman sewing, in a bluish grey wrapper striped with white, very serious, absorbed in her occupation; her face bent over her work and very freely and firmly modeled. The atmosphere is subdued but airy; it is a sincere and useful piece of work. Of this class one may also note the refined *Mariette*, by Belleruche, and *The White Dress*, by Aid; the *Interior, near Amsterdam*, by Benoît-Lévy; and another *Interior*, by Mademoiselle Van der Veer; *Round the Hearth*, by Dierckx, a Belgian artist, very soundly painted; *Cantabile*, by Victor Marec; *Intimacy*, by Boiry; *A Reading* and *A Late Sitting*, by Rieder, in which lamplight effects are very carefully rendered and neighborly friendship is well expressed, though the figures have not the exquisiteness which we find in such subjects, in the little pictures of the Danish painter, Viggo Johansen. An original note is struck by Chayllery, the clever painter of an *Interior* and of *News of the Absent*. M. Sabatté still gives much loving study to the interiors of churches, the atmosphere made by heavy stone buildings where the light filters

M^{me} MARIE GRUYER-CAILLEAUX
Judith after the Murder: — statue in plaster

SALONS OF 1881

through cold glass and falls on grey surfaces. He is familiar, too, with the ways of the faithful who frequent them, their resigned, or melancholy, or absorbed attitudes. At one time he had a slight tendency to the melodramatic; this year he is more pathetic because he has restricted himself to the truth. The figures in his *Confession*, standing in a row by the cold wall; a woman of Le Berri on her knees, a girl looking about her, a man standing; are composed with sustained truth and harmony. The surroundings, with their special color and aroma, are well observed, as well as the frame of mind of the good folks. Sabatté has a very sound technique and discreet expression of feeling. Two interiors of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, by Selmy, are no less interesting for accurate observation of light and shade and a sense of atmosphere; especially that in which a young woman in mourning is seen kneeling in the foreground; it is a good painting, true and reserved in style.

A Simple Soul, by M. Troncy — a woman sitting in solitude by



the fire, telling her beads—is fine in sober color. The still-life in this picture is too independent of the subject, and the work lacks unity, though the parts are good.

The Servants' Meal, by Joseph Bail, is a very clever work; the light, well managed throughout, fills the room and gives logical meaning to the figures and objects, though the table-cloth is painted rather as if it were made of metal. But the artist does not combine with this feeling for the picturesque that subtle note of character which never fails in Chardin, Ribot and Bonvin; the three women in white caps seem to sit there merely to catch the light that falls on them from outside. They are figures of no particular time or place, and I am afraid that all three were painted from the same model in a different pose.

Frank Bail shows us an old painter in meditation before his picture, in a cleverly-executed interior.

The Return from Mass at Cancale, by Lhuer, a Roumanian artist, is highly remarkable as an accurate study of character; it is strange that a foreigner should so well have seized the type and expression of the French peasant.

It is in such matters as these that a false note most shocks and startles the eye. Works of observation are an excellent discipline for the mind, for as there is no originality in the subject it must be displayed in the execution, that is, in the power shown by the artist of epitomising general laws on a small space and trivial subject.

The eye and mind of the spectator can only be convinced by a sense of unity in the modeling, and a coherent composition in which nothing is out of focus, a solid structure of which every detail is an intrinsic part. The Flemish, in accordance with the comfort-loving spirit of their race and its strong sense of *home*, invented this class of poem. Jan Van Eyck, when he painted the merchant Arnolfini and his wife in their snug and richly-hung room, was the first to establish its laws; that picture, so compact



J. BAIL.
The Servants' Meal.

SALONS OF 1901.



P.-A. LAURENS.
Portrait of the Painter's Wife

SALONS OF 1901



of concentrated truth, is the venerable parent of a numerous race. It contained the germ of Peter de Hoogh and of Terburg, of Van der Meer and of Metz, of all who have painted the poetry of domestic life. It is, indeed, incomparable for the concentrating of life and nature within such narrow limits, and for the passionate and acute observation it shows of the value and texture of each object, and its relation to all the rest. As we study this picture we understand how completely art is a habit of mind, a labor from within; that it does not merely depict the surface of things, but grasps their spirit.

Here, now, is a work which arrests my attention by its evident sincerity, its grave and simple character, its true and natural action. It is *Women Winnowing*, by Constantin Leroux. Two sturdy Normandy girls, in the subdued light of a barn, are pouring the mingled grain and chaff, a golden stream, into a winnowing machine. They stand with the calm assurance of attitude that marks habitual employment, and the work, full of perpetual charm, gives us the rare pleasure of finding an artist at home again on his native soil, and painting with conviction the scenes he knows and loves.

There is a keen and happy feeling for nature in a picture by a young painter, M. Bellemont, called *On the Quay, Audierne*, and in M. Hanicotte's *Old Salts*, we find loving care, an enjoyable sense of humor and a rich feeling for tone; two fishermen, stiff in their tarred jackets, are sitting under a paling in some Dutch seaport. Few things, again, charm me more than the *Little Daughters of M.G.B.*, standing in a garden amid chrysanthemums; the background very happily splashed with color; this is a piece of frank and spontaneous painting, the second of two pictures by M. Grau.

The Arrival, by Jean-Pierre, shows a largeness of design verging on decorative painting. M. Albert Laurens, besides a good female portrait, exhibits a broadly-treated rural scene, *Sheaves*, a well-

composed work and finely drawn. The stalwart peasant-woman, with her back to us, dragging a sheaf in each hand, has the rugged grandeur we have so often admired in the works of this artist's father.

M. Duvent has been distinctly original in his picture commemorating the Exhibition of 1900. On an enormous canvas, divided into three panels, he shows us first the effort and bustle of the workmen, toiling cheerfully to build up the fairy town; in the middle the fête at night, the laborers and their families in admiring groups before the building of the Nations on the bank of the Seine; to the right, in an unfortunately empty and uninteresting panel, we see the return to daily labor. This work is at once clever and weak. The panel to the left is full of animation and very natural, but lacks decision. The central subject shows the artist's best qualities; he seems to be a sound and unfettered draughtsman. The nocturnal display is poor enough; the crowd, on the other hand, is a medley without confusion, very living and busy; we detect the main current and subsidiary eddies.

The mania for competitions has this disadvantage: it tempts artists to neglect their natural impulses at the very moment when they should be taking their own measure and controlling their powers to confirm them. A commission is discipline to the man who must guide his talents to a definite end; the struggle for prizes fritters them away. It is necessary to gain attention, and to that end the painter forces his effects. Hence a disproportion between the subject and the scale, and an abuse of huge canvases.

Mademoiselle Delasalle's *Drinking Place* is too large; the truth is diluted and a familiar subject assumes epic proportions. Too large, again, for the interest of the story is *Confidences*, by M. Beaumont; the figures, too, are awkwardly placed; and too large are the pictures by Caro-Delvaille, *A Tea-party*, which shows some capital passages of color and drawing, but is composed of unconnected portraits; and *Manicure*, in spite of the

F. BRUNERY.
His Eminence's Monkey.

SALONS OF 1901



H. CARO-DELVAILLE.
A Tea-Party; — a study.

SALONS OF 1901.



racy mingling of colors, the freedom of drawing and the keen observation displayed. In all three canvases there is too much "room to let." As soon as the technique is unsupported by thought or feeling, vulgarity comes in. The true artist stays his hand as soon as his heart and mind cease to animate it.

The landscapes bring us no revelations, but they include many respectable and charming works.

M. Morlot's manner is growing a little heavy, while M. Foreau's genius for lightness and refinement, and his vaporous greys are seen in exquisite tones in *A Road in Poitou*. M. Flahaut is simple, broad and strong in *Close of Day, Puy*. Cabié, unforgetful of Harpignies, distributes his distances with skill, but spreads himself over spaces too vast. M. Moteley has two good pictures, one especially, *All-Saints' Day in the Hamlets of Clécy*, full of opalescent autumn tints. The *Avenue Frochot, at Night in the Snow*, by M. Burggraff, is rich and deep in effect. Hareux sends two profoundly mysterious moonlight scenes. Gagliardini shows us the sparkling sunshine on a *Market-place, Provence*; M. Noirot, a tragical effect of snow in the heart of the mountains; Michel Lévy and Diéterle some limpid marine-painting; M. Marché, a large park surrounding a chateau and shivering with October chill.

Demont is very dainty in his *Last Smiles of Autumn*; A. Gosselin, careful, but a little meagre in his touch, paints the hour when the tender rosy-purple sky softens every line and wraps the world in silence; the moon is rising on a village church, a deserted street and grey walls; again he sheds limpid color on the hills of Montfort-l'Amaury.

M. Jacques-Marie affects analogous subjects and treats them gracefully, but I could wish he showed more individuality. I also note M. Jacomin's landscapes, bright, not to say rather sharp; M. Quignon's, in which the contrasts are somewhat hard; *Gorse and Heath*, by Didier-Pouget; *A Foundry on the Sambre*, by Cagniart, who records unusual effects; the *Sea-shore*, by Ravanne,

over-emphasising the blues and purples of the night; a very pretty picture of the *Road by la Bocca*, by Varin; *After Snow*, by Modeste Carpentier, a very delicate effect; two good landscapes by Dambeza; a little marvel of gleeful light and harmony called *June*, by Boggio; and a fine sunset by Coëhorn.

Among landscapes on a larger scale and decorative in design, the *Bay of Paimpol*, by M. Dabadie, is a broad and solid work, only a little empty; *Dalhouët*, by M. Martin, is happily laid out, but somewhat soft in the handling.

Several foreign artists deserve special mention, as Mr. Spence, an Englishman, with his *Funeral in the Low Countries*, a *Winter's Day*, a strong and effective snow scene, and his *Morning Haze at Scheveningen*, powerful in its vitreous effect of light. Dudley Hardy exhibits a capital *Solitude*; sand-hills flecked with pale herbage under a pale sky. Aston Knight sends a *View on the Thames*, rich and varied in color. Mr. Inness, the American, in his *Horses Towing a Barge* and splashing through the waves, mingles sea and sky in superb harmony. I will further mention *Moonrise*, by Dougherty, and two first-rate paintings by Albert and by Clarence Gibbon. The Dutch painter Tadama gives us sea and sky in a happy union of quivering lights, boldly painted.

As it is impossible to speak of all, I will merely allude to the pictures by MM. Auguin, Dameron, Japy, Delpy, Jobert, Joubert, Guignery, Guéry, Marcotte, Vergez, Watelin, Bouché and Paulin Bertrand.

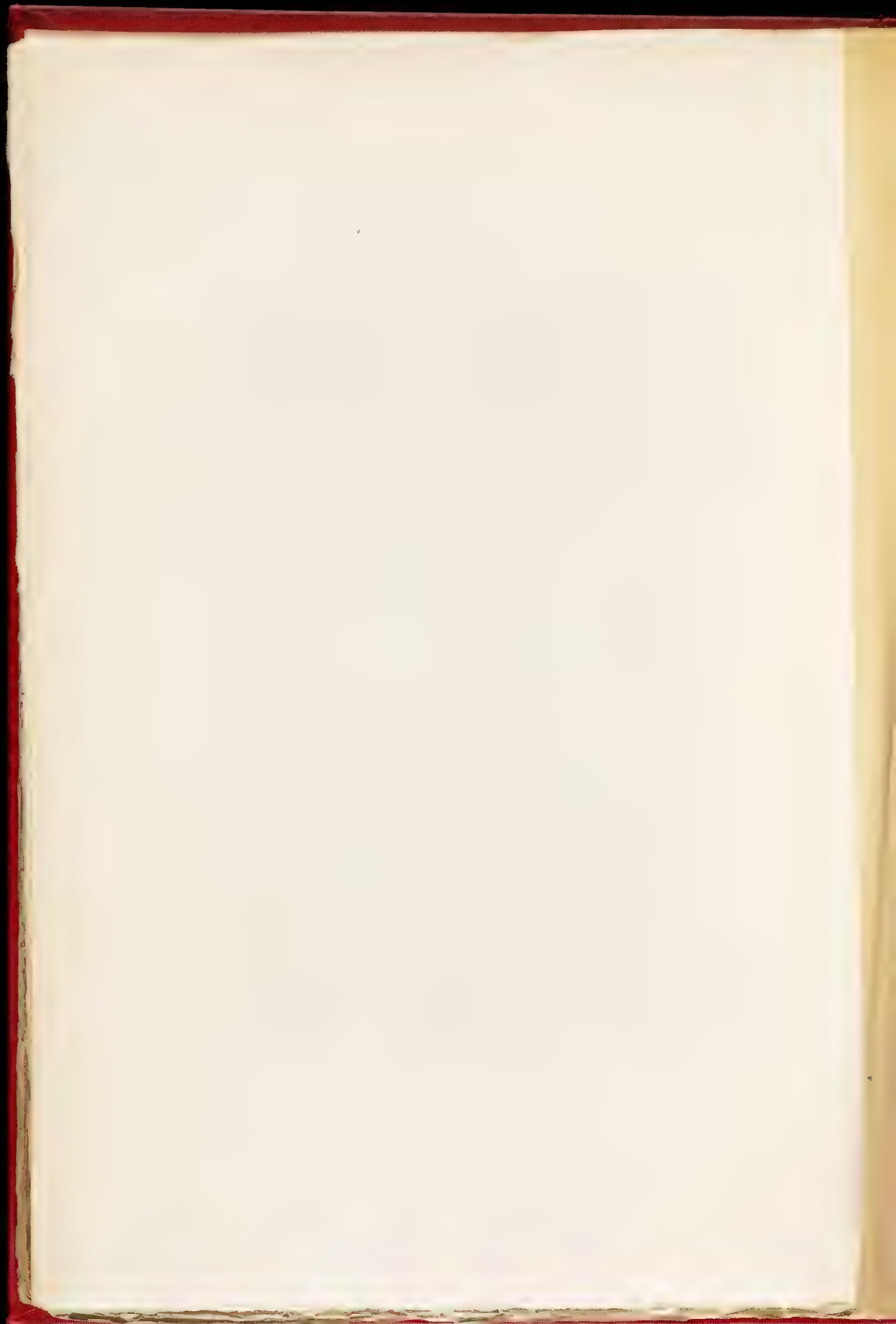
SCULPTURE

What is to me a fine work is one which is above me, but convinces me. It must always be unexpected but logical; unex-

I. WATELIN
The Marshal Nesle-Normannais

CH. I.







F. HEXAMER.
Réverie; — statuette in plaster.

SALONS DE 1904.



H. DAILLION

The Spirit of Eternal Slumber; — statue in bronze

SALONS OF 1876

pected as being a discovery in the field of the possible, and logical because it is inevitably linked with previous research of which it is the outcome. It is a revelation, and sudden, but worked up with long patience.

The work exhibited this year by M. Hexamer, and which strikes me as the finest thing in the Salon of the "French Artists" gave me this twofold pleasure; the joyful surprise of meeting with a thing of beauty, and then of reflecting that it must be a normal development, that the flower really grows from the root. This *Réverie*, 1901, is the sister of *Melody*, admired by so many in 1899, but with enhanced power and delicacy. We find the same sense of rhythm,

the same comprehension of form, full, supple and firm, the same breadth of vision, apprehending and governing the whole. But in this statue the modeling seems broader, more full of thrill and color; the feeling of life is more warmly expressed in this beautiful female figure. And the work has this further quality, that it is sculpture pure and simple. It records no historical event; it appeals to no lofty sentiments. It attracts us solely by its character and



type of beauty, and that charm is splendid and full of poetry. The figure is seated, in the full flower of her beauty, with one leg bent, and pressing, almost crushing, her slender hand and taper fingers on her left thigh. Her Ceres-like bust and smiling head are bent a little forward, and the simple attitude is one of sovereign grace. The forms of this figure, so full of life and sap, seem wrapped in a halo; they throb and draw us into an irresistible charmed circle. The head, suggestive of Luini, does not contradict this seductiveness; its broad surfaces of light and shade give depth to the eyes and enhance the magic of the smile. Walk round the statue; from the side, from behind, it is always expressive, harmonious, and delightfully balanced. This fine musical sentiment is characteristic of M. Hexamer. He seems to have attuned her agitating repose to so true and sweet a key that it gives life to her ripe grace, and inspires it with a higher vitality. I have not for a very long time seen such plenitude and beauty of form. Indeed, face to face with a work so far apart from any other, I could not forbear from a melancholy reflection. Here is a sculptor, a true sculptor, and in these days they may be counted—an artist who, in silence and solitude, has pursued his ideal of beauty; I account him certainly happy, since he has made it real, but in these days, when commissions are given only to skillful craftsmen, must we not ask who will thank him for it?

I must confess that, turning my eyes from this harmonious vision, I found the commonplace charms of our statuary decidedly arid and cold. Our sculptors are just too clever, or, if you will, not clever enough, since they have not the spirit of their art. They do not abandon themselves to the inspiration which they would derive from nature if they studied it with greater simplicity and loved it for its own sake. I know, of course, that we must almost withdraw from the world around us to find any feeling or love for the human figure freely developed in the light and air, since everything is done to disfigure and conceal it. The



A. MERCIÈ

Monument to the Sons of Le Gard; — group in plaster.

SALONS OF 1901.



costume of the day has nothing in common with the time of knights, the long pleated gown of the princesses, the full cloak which suggested such broad and flowing lines to the masters of Chartres and Bamberg, of Naumbourg and Reims. Our period is graceless, I confess. But, after all, the sculptor deals with the human form, nude or draped, and it is through the style and character of that form that he can convey to us ideas and emotions. But in these days the idea is rarely one with the preconceived figure; it is grafted on it with more or less success. It is an adjunct of the intellect. The model assumes an attitude approximating the expression desired; then the form, being no more than a language of the intellect, becomes poor and ineffectual, and the human body, that admirable, expressive and pathetic thing, is no more than an almost abstract connotation of some flippant or complicated thought.

Learning and skill are not lacking, nor ingenious inventiveness; it is the sense of life and synthetical treatment which alone can give to marble the breath, the warmth, the juiciness of life. We have too much prettiness, too many riddles, too much insipidity or violence, too much that is theatrical, and not enough of nature.

Having given vent to these regrets I must at once add that the Salon of the "French Artists" contains a good number of works sound in workmanship and delicate in feeling.

A very simple, interesting and powerful thing is M. P. Theu-nissen's *Cain Jealous*, in which the figure of Eve, anxious and disturbed by gloomy presentiments, is at once a charming and a tragical conception; the musing mother, who pauses while suckling Abel, and, laying one hand on the envious child's shoulder as he tries to pull away his brother, gazes into the future, aware of the possible catastrophe. Here a powerful idea has found true and direct expression.

Dramatic qualities, point, precision and nervous utterance are

not lacking in our school. We find the proof in the swift and noble group by Antonin Mercié, called *The Sons of Le Gard*. The draped figure, full of chaste, wild grace, who is bearing away the youth, stricken unto death, is boldly conceived; the broad surface of the drapery throws into relief the limp inaction of the helpless body. In an analogous mood and manner M. Sicard has a vigorously-modeled figure of a woman under the cloak of a soldier who stands behind her.

Among the statues representing with no little power and truth a dramatic moment or a lyric sentiment, we may notice *Judith*, by Madame Gruyer-Cailleaux, throwing away the sword which has killed Holophernes; *Entreaty*, by Marquet, vivid in action; *The Consoler*, by M. Alaphilippe; and *Consolation*, by M. Peyronnet, both very tender and human; the *Iceland Fishers*, by Mademoiselle Girardet, in which the man's figure is too mannered and soft-looking; and *Towards Love*, by M. d'Houdain.

A group by Jean Boucher, *Gazing at the Sea*, shows refined feeling and genuine taste and skill. The man and woman are very happily represented as drawn together by a sentiment of clinging tenderness and protecting strength, but the figures seem to me a little short and heavy.

A great many sculptors seek only the grace of a simple action and a pleasing sweep of line. We have plenty of "Auroras" and "Springtimes", in the guise of gracious damsels carrying flowers in their skirts, or unclothed and scattering roses. Some of them fulfil this easy task with cheerful grace; for instance, the *Spring* by Darbefeuille, and that by Greber, and the *Charris* by M. André. The *October Night* (Nuit d'Octobre), by Syamour, is elegant, and *Awaking*, by Vital-Cornu, is gracefully elongated, almost too long. Bacchantes and Nymphs are of course numerous; one of them, by M. Rispal, is petulantly wrestling with a young Faun. The *Female Faun*, by Soulés, attacked by a cloven-footed faunling, is bold and spirited, as is *A Siren Caught in a Net by a Faun*, by M. Lorieux.

F. ROYBET
Savants.

SALONS DE 1901



Among the statues of actuality we find with pleasure a replica in marble of the *African Water-carrier*, by Guittet, and we must admire the well-hit attitude of Coutheillas' *Débardeur*.

Monumental work does not rise above a reputable level. Still, *Baudin on the Barricade* by M. Boverie is firm in attitude; he is defiant without exaggeration. M. Ducuing's *Françoise de Cézelly* stands out boldly against her sweeping draperies. Of the two statues intended for the courtyard of the Sorbonne, *Pasteur*, by Hugues, and *Victor Hugo*, by Marqueste, neither seems to me perfectly worthy of the subject or of the place. The *Victor Hugo*, indeed, is heavy and vulgar. The *Pasteur* has a hesitating and soft expression by no means in harmony with his genius. This softness and insignificance have proved a foil to the statue of the *Duke of Devonshire*, by John Goscombe, in which we see the sense of individuality characteristic of English art.

Most of the busts are ill-adapted to console us for this weakness. Partly for want of synthetical apprehension and because the forms are reproduced with mean exactitude, some look silly, and others fractious. But I must except one work which nearly reaches perfection, a bust as clear-cut, characteristic and speaking as a French work of the sixteenth century; it is that of *Saint-Saëns*, by Paul Dubois. We can read in this presentment, which is most life-like, the lucid intellect and keen sence of humor of the great sculptor of sound, who is perhaps the most intellectual of living musicians. No work by Paul Dubois has ever struck me as more sympathetically and strongly expressive.

After this shall I turn to Puech's bust of M. Loubet, so commonplace and cheerful, that it is far from being so good as another of the same sitter, by M. Enderlin? I would rather point out the life-like portrait of *Gabriel Fauré*, by Frémiet; that of *Édouard Lalo*, by Feinsberg, a Swede; those of *Madame P...*, by Albert-Lefeuve; of the *Queen of Spain*, by Pallez; and of *Boudin*, by Labatut, who also exhibits a beautiful clock, with dancing Hours.

Paul Fournier has, for his bust of *Chardin*, made very intelligent use of the pastel-portrait, in which the master himself recorded his brusque but witty countenance, and his lordly good-humor. It is a capital portrait. Very clever, too, is a portrait of *Harpignies, the Landscape-painter*, by H. Theunissen, whose charming *David as a Shepherd* should also be noted.

I may still mention the *Young Bears at Play*, by Peter, very innocently clumsy; the *Lion and Lioness*, by Riché, and the very amusing beasts by Waldmann, a Swiss. Also, as a beautiful application of the material, the crystal snakes which rear their heads above Lalique's case of *objets d'art*.



P. FOURNIER.

Charadin, 1699-1779: — marbre

SALONS — 1901

G. CALLOT.
The Death of the Courtesan

SALONS OF 1901



NATIONAL FINE ART SOCIETY.

PAINTING.

As we pass from the Salon of the French Artists into that of the National Society, we at once find ourselves in a different atmosphere, lighter, gayer, livelier and more modern. There are few or none of those huge canvases which look like derelicts of the past, like Academic exercises or the attempts of ambitious schoolboys. There is no need for a painstaking search to single out works of real interest from a

mass of cumbrous or insignificant productions. Art comes forth to meet the visitor, as it were, smiling and dressed, and making quite the best of herself. The amiable and intelligent artist who assumed the duties of decorator—a part Chardin did not disdain to fill—and who has discharged them with infinite tact, zeal and skill, M. Guillaume Dubufe, has set everything in the most favorable light so that we come away excited, interested and charmed from the first.

We see Rodin and Carrière, Besnard and Simon, Blanche and Cottet, Constantin Meunier, Mademoiselle Breslau, Lavery, the Englishman; Anglada, the Spaniard; Courtens—and a thousand subtle, attractive or suggestive things. And then at our leisure we think it all over and we wonder whether this separate and independent exhibition is founded in reason, whether it has not its dangers. Do we find here, apart from certain unequaled artists, the unity and continuity of effort which are the mainstay, the backbone of a school? And when we attempt to revise our first impressions, to discuss the exhibition, and specially what we prefer, we are conscious of a certain uneasiness mingling with the pleasure of the eye. Setting aside some very marked and passionate individualities, without which French art would sit uncrowned,—for they are its leaders and the heralds of its future,—this brilliant and varied exhibition seems to have its weak spots; it does not invariably ring true.

It must at once be admitted that too much license has been given to the Art of fashion, to what is amusing, mere caprice, frivolity,—nay, snobism. While, on the other side of the barrier which we all wish to see broken down, there is much that is heavy, and swaddled, so to speak, in formulas and routine, too much painting which is only painting and expresses nothing; here, on the contrary, there is too much lightness, attempts to say something, but which are careless of solid means and indispensable matter. On one side we find too much mercy

G. DUBUFE.
Portrait of Mademoiselle S. D...

SALENS OF 1900.



M^{me} MADELEINE LEMAIRE.
Portrait of Mademoiselle S. L...

SALONS OF 1901

E.-F. AMAN-JEAN.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Suzanne Poncet.

SALONS OF 1901

shown to weariful repetitions, and on the other, too much indulgence to rash audacity, to random shots and futile beginnings of a picture. Amateurishness, of which J. P. Laurens foresaw the danger, encroaches on the space which ought to be kept for the serious efforts of professional artists. If the old Society has a superstitious regard for finish, for smooth brush-work and artificial composition, the younger party here show too great a readiness to accept feeble impressions and the minimum of executive skill. Flash, skin-deep thrills, fashionable flutter, affected modernity, may amuse us for an hour, but leave no deep impression. We are pleased as we pass by trifles light as air, but we only come back to works which express a real thought or permanent feeling.



A conclusion may be drawn from these contrasted impressions. The division of the Societies arose entirely from personal dissensions. It has so little foundation in reason that more than one artist who exhibits on the right should appear on the left, and *vice versa*. It divides and fritters our interest and inconveniences or irritates the public. If on one hand there were a little more respect for individuals, and on the other some regard for public interest, the amalgamation would ensue, to the advant-

age of all concerned. And was there not, indeed, at the bottom of the separation, one of the bitter ironies of fate? It originated with Meissonier, who was not a representative of the most conspicuous tendencies of contemporary art. It had its motive and reason at a time when Academic art insisted on its exclusive views and narrow limitations; then the School of 1830 was condemned and put out of court. That is no longer the case. The Institut has gone with the great tide of the century and has recognised broad and liberal views. Thus on one side we see a solid and compact body, a little sluggish in movement, and on the other a nimbler, innovating party; the first, alone, seems heavy, the second only too light. And, besides, the consideration which ought to prevail if the question were sincerely discussed, is this: amalgamate the Salons and you have an assemblage of sound and charming works, which would display French art in the most satisfactory and flattering light. As antagonists without any obvious reason, they are less effective, and on both sides we are aware of gaps and deficiencies. Combined they would form a mass impenetrable to foreign influences. Then, without loss, and by means of severer weeding, pictures that are really too absurd or too feeble might be eliminated, while they are now accepted, as it would seem, merely to swell the numbers and not to discourage contributors; and, again, some meaningless efforts are admitted by favor.

Imagine one combined Salon, cleared of superfluous painters; imagine in one grand group, Henner, Fantin-Latour and Carrière, Humbert and Besnard, Bonnat, Carolus-Duran, Lefebvre, Aman-Jean and Simon, Cottet, Blanche, Mademoiselle Dufau, Maxence, Lucas, de Beaumont, Cosson, Caro-Delvaile, etc.; place in the center of the sculpture hall, which looks so empty this year, Rodin's *Victor Hugo*, as the work of a master and leader of a new era; animate the row of busts by adding those by Schnegg and by Raymond de Broutelles; — all these powers thus combined would show their

H.-E. LE SIDANER

Winter

SALONS OF 1901.

true significance. French art would see more surely what were her traditional virtues and what her innovating energy. It would command attention, admiration and respect as the most coherent and most aspiring school of our time; and though to be is better than to seem, there is no law against seeming what we are.

I hope to be forgiven for this long digression. I have said



only what I have keenly felt this year, in the hope that my desires may be in accordance with those of others; and I have no object in view but the fair fame of French art. As to the ways and means, those who are concerned must provide them. To sum up, I believe that it is never to the interest of Art as a body to be weakened by division, even in appearance only.

This year the Salon of the National Society is really most brilliant. Every member seems to have been eager to hail the dawn of the century by sending his best and asserting his talent

and goodwill. It is a good opportunity for estimating their strength and taking stock of their tendencies. Originality and individuality are strongly marked and very various; indeed, it is the study of individuals rather than of styles which will guide me in this review.

In the first place, I must do homage to the artist who was so suddenly snatched from us, leaving his admirers to regret his loss. Cazin is still among us this year as represented by an admirable selection of works which perfectly exemplify his genius, — a compound of intense sincerity and purely lyric feeling. A large decorative piece, *A Reminiscence of a Fête at Paris*, is surrounded by landscapes, all beautiful, and two of them masterpieces, *The Wagon* and *Château Rouge, at Samer*, and the whole is highly symbolical of a career which could not have been more productive, but might have been differently productive. If we take in at a glance the whole of this display, what unity we find there, and what harmony! How delicately melancholy are these subdued tones, these misty depths where we seem to feel "One of Weber's stifled sighs."

I looked once more on the *Reminiscences of a Fête*, so dignified in character, so softly bright, on this Paris at night, on the beloved outline of its domes and sacred hills, the gleam of lights among the trees, on this fair dream of a past reality, and the figures watching over the city, — calm Science, Labor, Courage; and I remember that this beautiful and poetical work was painted at a time when the world believed in the strong effects of a rather brutal realism, and when its meditative mildness was thought more strange than charming. For my part, even then I thought and I proclaimed that Cazin alone could, with and after Puvis de Chavannes, complete the decoration of the Panthéon in a truly harmonious key, and with a due feeling for legend; by the side of the greater artist's work, his, no doubt, would have been less lofty, but not less spiritually pure or sympathetically

J.-C. CAZIN.
The Wagon, Equihen.

SALONS OF 1901.





P. LAGARDE.
Drifting Ice (sunset).

SALONS OF 1901.



true. It would have harmonised with the grey tones of the stone, and the quiet spaces of the walls; for instance, this *Souvenir de Fête* or the *Judith*, so calm in composition and perennial in attitude! Works so full of the past, and yet thrilling to the core with the anguish, the sorrows, the tremulous hopes of the present! The chance was not granted him, and I regret it, both for him and for us.

He rarely repeated these decorative attempts, finding no encouragement; he became more and more a landscape-painter. But in that class of work he was an artist of grand style and a poet of humanity. At one time we thought him monotonous, with his reiterated themes in a minor key, and absolute reserve of manner. I shared the error, and I atoned for it. Cazin, indeed, was always himself, but with a thousand subtle shades of ever new effects. He never bellowed loudly; he did not conduct an elaborate and noisy orchestra; but his melody was tender, his measure elastic and yet accurate, and his French pipe recalled to perfection the rippling cadences, the firm but pliant structure of the antique *nomos*.

There is in Cazin's work something which particularly appeals to me as being at once a sign of the times and the honest expression of his individual self; for under it all there is a sensitive soul, a spirit of unrest. The man himself had that anxious hunted look; he loved solitude and had the ways of a beneficent wizard who knows the language of things, who can hear the grass grow, and bid stones to speak; and he could throw a supernatural glamor over the simplest scenes. I remember in particular a plain grey house standing alone on the top of a sand-hill against the vacant sky, full of weird mystery, as if *something* had happened there. These uneasy souls are open, tender, with a sort of touchy, shy tenderness that is easily repelled, but they understand the sufferings of others better than more confident natures, and enter into them by sympathy. Cazin's

work is full of such tenderness; he was the painter of humble, struggling life, crushed to the level of the earth.

As to the character of his art, I tried to define it last year, and as I could but repeat myself in other words, I make no apology for quoting what I said :

“Cazin found in Northern climes all the elements of his sweet, slow poetry and veiled depths of tone. From his high solitude at Equihen he could look down on the long curve of the Boulogne coast, and the rolling hills of Artois which, at Cap Gris-Nez, form a sheer cliff into the sea, and, further south, sink down to the desolate country by Étaples and Berck. Of these wide, melancholy views, pale sandy wastes, grass parched and wind-dried, hazy, northern skies, and clouds softly sweeping over the hills, he composed broad and subtly-toned landscapes, simple, noble scenes, where we can often fancy that we hear the muttered dream of a shepherd as he watches the circling hours from the cliff-top, midway between the sound of the waves and the silence of the downs. Himself a landsman, Cazin best loved the land, the wide valleys or the folds of the hills where farmsteads nestle, and white houses with red roofs are seen pale through the mist. But the sea is not far off; we hear its roar and the plaintive cry of gulls and curlews; we feel the breeze that fills the sails and rocks the unresting trees; thus we feel more keenly how good is our mother-earth. This is, no doubt, the peculiar accent of Cazin's work; the gentle, careworn charm diffused through his pictures, the resigned humility of all his figures. From his *Hagar*, lost in a labyrinth of sands, to his *Judith*, a noble, pensive creature coming out of the postern gate, he always shows us some departure for the unknown, some melancholy leave-taking, where hands are loth to part, some dim perspective of uncertain ways. Inanimate objects even, solitary houses with close-shut faces, or hospitable dwellings by the roadside, small market-places in the evening light, and Italian nocturnes, — every aspect of

A. DURST
Ducks on the River

SALES 1876

nature assumes in his hands an extraordinary magnetic sweetness and mystery."

It was in this close intercourse with nature so nearly Dutch that Cazin showed his affinity with Ruysdael and other painters of the Netherlands. But the same strong impressions were in him refined and sweetened by passing through a nature of different tone and



culture. His work is less realistic than theirs, less full of sensations and less objective; but it is more spiritual, and the feeling, though always restrained, is more important than the subject. Cazin's means of expression lie in the choice of accessory subject, in delicate sensitiveness of drawing, careful handling of the brush, a light touch, a preference for unity rather than strong contrast, an absence of display or superficial effect. His tones are silvery and grey, always pale, but rich in intermediate shades of lilac, mauve and subdued blue. And, notwithstanding his Dutch proclivities, Cazin is an artist trained in tradition; essentially French and Græco-latin by race.

Pierre Loti tells us that in the depths of an ancient Chinese temple he found inscribed this maxim of Confucius: "The literature of the future will be the literature of Pity." If art will but fully apprehend its human functions, if it will aim at something more than amusing an idle class, if it will appeal to the open-minded public, eager for high thinking and noble feeling, it may profit by pondering on this saying of a famous sage. Art cannot be limited to a mere record in detail of things as they are. It must teach the present and prepare for the future. It is the utterance of the restless, hidden soul by which matter is molded. It brings to light feelings that were unconscious of themselves, and the inarticulate cravings of man, and it wanes as soon as it speaks only to the upper and literary circles. It is smothered and entangled by effete virtuosity if it stands apart from the movement which bears the human soul towards greater kindliness and justice. As soon as it expands with sympathy, on the contrary, it comes into touch with all humanity. Then let it proclaim its faith in the eternal forces of self-sacrifice and charity, which are the common gift of all men, regardless of the proudest reserve and ironical warnings; it will then find support on all hands, and embody the communion of souls in pathetic and lucid symbolism.

Art really great, really human, cannot exist without some religious sense. Simple, undistorted minds expect, very rightly, that an artist should show them life, its laws and its permanent interests, not the mere tricks and rules of his art. They expect that the process should be carried on behind the scenes and that they should only be shown the play, to warn or to inspirit them by encouraging their vital powers and the expansion of their higher selves. The artist, then, must give us the perennial sentiments and essential forms which link each man to his fellows, by expressing their common needs, the dangers they run, the affections they feel; in short, the matchless misery and beauty of the destiny of man. Before this the artificial barriers which

J. FRAPPA.
Portrait of M. B...

SALONS OF 1901.



E. CARRIÈRE.
A Mother's Kiss.

SALONS OF 1901.



divide class from class must fall, and man, brought back to natural unity by a shock of genuine emotion, surrenders vain distinctions and fancied pre-eminence.

The privileged classes may be interested and amused by the diversions of caprice and fashion; the populace can only care for the expression of feeling. The feeling is what gives them worth; feeling is the force they live by. Instinct tells them that if the truths of feeling could not triumph over the calculations of interests,—if emotion never conquered the logic of the intellect, the world would be a scene of virulent and incessant warfare, uninhabitable except by the strong. When the heart shuts up all else shrinks and dies; the most elegant or lofty civilisation crumbles into dust. Hence, art for the People, which we may dream of at the beginning of a new century, will aim at showing the greatness and depth of instinctive powers; the artist who has no ideal beyond pleasing will inevitably become frivolous and cynical. He may hold his own and delude his public by sleight of hand and the “tricks of his trade,” but he will have no vitality. Irony is a useful and handy weapon of defence, but it is not creative. It should put us on our guard against our own impulses, and yet more against those of others. It warns us against folly, but cannot teach true wisdom; it is a barren force.

This great sense of humanity is what strikes me most in Eugène Carrière's latest picture. The overflowing feeling seems to fill out the figures, to animate the flesh, and to throb through the group which is entwined and linked by indissoluble attachment. A sort of haze seems to throw the solid facts back into infinite time and space. Details are immaterial, and an universal meaning is expressed by these beings lifted into a mystical “Beyond.” The action takes place everywhere and nowhere; in some ideal and isolated home, far away and yet quite near. No background; not even a suggestion of place, distracts our attention from the pathetic subject; the eye centers in the group. A

mother, bent over the youngest born at her breast, leans forward, passive but a little wild-eyed, absorbed in the function which is her joy, while it exhausts her. One of her children hugs her vehemently; an older one, half asleep, leans against her mother and mechanically unplaits her hair while waiting her turn to be kissed. The woman, with her grandly-molded form and the beauty of a sorrowing Eve, sits like the pillar of the human race, like a pathetic Caryatid, weighed down by all this fervid young life that craves nourishment and love. Carrière never so signally proclaimed the human purport of his work, or showed how much true and placid poetry he could put into it. Never was his art more thoroughly master of its means; nay, this larger conception found larger means of expression. In the warm, hazy glow, shot with pale and rosy light, the figures have gained in solidity, the modeling is more roundly free, the substance and body of the figures and their essential structure seem more powerfully presented than ever before.

And yet, in this homogeneous rendering of life there is nothing that is not essential, nothing that is not expressive: the shoulder bent forward, the clasping of the child to the breast, and the grand curve of the folded hands and arms which give the infant such firm and soft support, adapting themselves so lovingly to the little body. Beauty, after all, is truth felt and expressed by an unerring sense of relation and proportion. We see it here, at once precise and mobile in the undulating lights which seem to glide over everything without losing their ethereal essence. Nothing is rigid or hard; we can fancy we see them rippling over the forms they model, lightly playing on the fair round head and cheek of the child, on the mother's strong shoulder, on the forehead of the boy who is kissing her, and losing themselves on the lovely face we see a little in the background. It is magnificently executed by pure force of logic. By such methods as these Eugène Carrière

F. COURTENS
The Goat-Girl's warning

ALBANS OF 1901

achieved a sense of the movement and breath of life, never before equaled since Rembrandt. For he watched it in its perpetual advance with the single-minded passion of a man who regarded it not as a spectacle but as a real thing, in which his whole human heart sympathised fully as the eternal drama of fate.

And this *Evening Kiss* is the finest canto of the poem of



human tenderness which Carrière dedicated to motherhood. It summarises an incessant study of gestures and attitudes, constantly watched and caught at the very moment. It is the outcome of an eager and assiduous study of nature and contains a store of observation and feeling. Then one day these observations crystallize, combining by an unconscious effort, in which the mind takes no part but that of co-ordinating the sensations and visions which had thrilled the heart. The result is a pathetic and logical picture which seems to perpetuate the throb and glow of life under the purposeful form imposed on it by the intellect.

This is art, as lavish and clear as a mountain spring, of which all may drink who thirst for truth and kindliness. In the learning and power of the composition, and the magic of its true though superhuman imagery, it is related to the finest works of the past. It is art for the most refined and yet art for the million, if, in the midst of a narrow civilisation like ours, which divides men into classes, the million could understand its beauty. It would speak the clearest and purest language of humanity to an assembly of men, if men still assembled in a real Town Hall—a house of the People.

This, however, is no doubt too much to ask. The greatest achievements stand alone, if they are not viewed with suspicion, in an age when man is divided from man by taste and manners, as though their amalgamation were a danger, and society were based on ignorance and reserve.

A critic is not forbidden to express his preferences when he can give a reason for them, but he ought to be alive to every form of artistic production. In the presence of a talent so versatile and so dexterous as that of Besnard, we may take exception to the subject or its form, but we must express our sincere admiration of such a fertile imagination and such wonderful facility of technique. Side by side with some decorative cartoons for the hospital at Berck, which, with many passages of pathetic eloquence and keen observation, contain, to my taste, too much that is odd and whimsical, Besnard exhibits two paintings of daring audacity and astounding skill; the *Portrait of Madame X.*, and *A Fairy Vision*, which will certainly give rise to a copious flow of ink.

The portrait is very fine, luminous and opalescent in tone, and supremely expressive of the air and manner of the woman of the *grand monde*. Besnard henceforth will certainly be recognised as the painter of fashion and full-dress, of beauty under arms. The beauty he presents to us this year is really magni-

P.-A. BESNARD.
Portrait of Madame X...

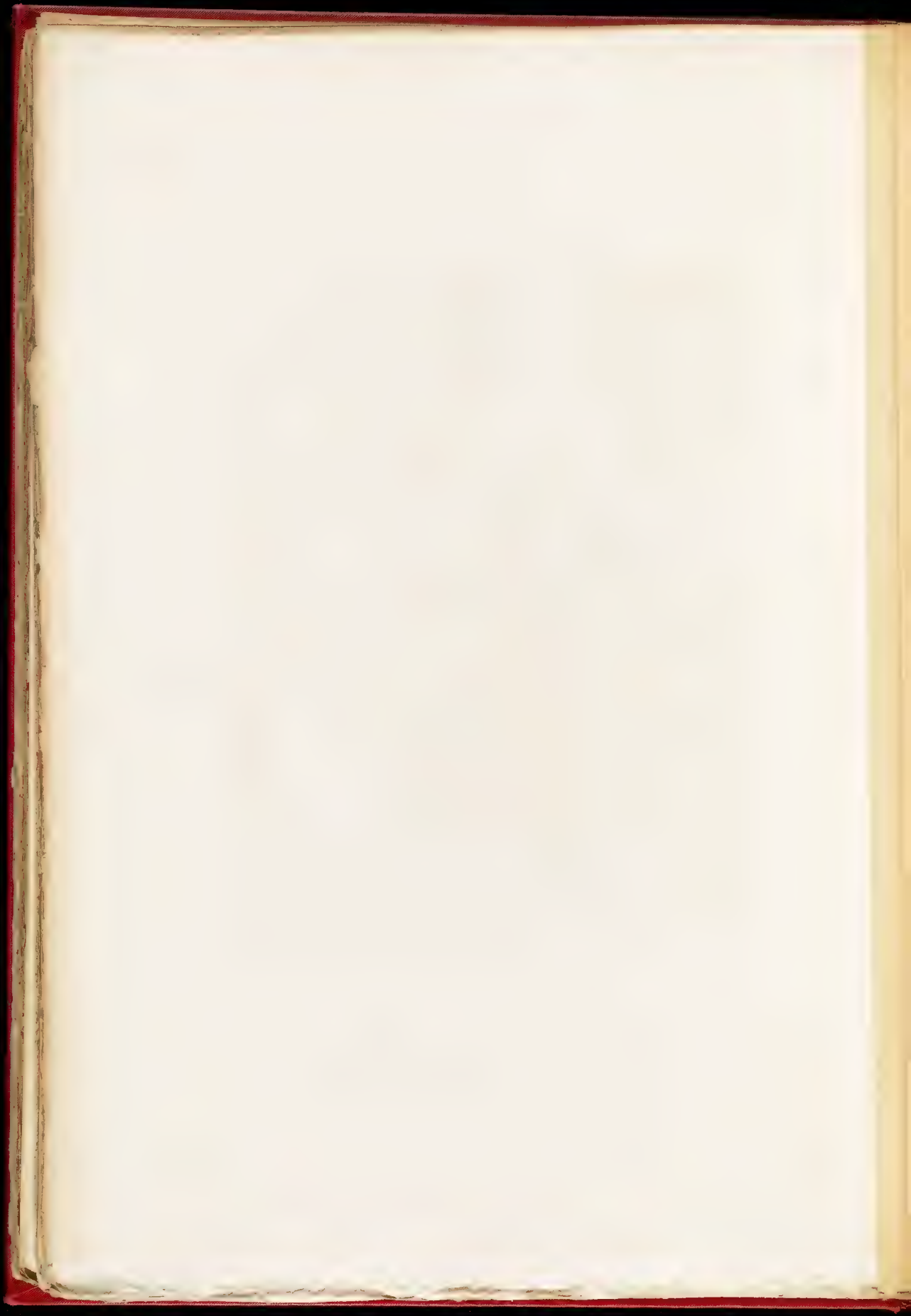
SALONS OF 1901.



J. BÉRAUD.
Christ Bound to the Pillar.

SALEMAN'S HALL





ficient and startling. An evening wrap thrown over her shoulders, with its broad black velvet bow and orange-tinted collar against a green ground, is a delightful setting for the bare rounded arms, and the ivory whiteness of the face and bosom. The haughty profile, the curved lips, the helmet of hair, give an indescribable look of imperious and threatening dignity to this royal and indifferent beauty. As in his *Portrait of an Actress*, we feel that the artist has understood not only the personal character, but the general human significance of the sitter, and that, while representing an individual, he has also embodied a phase of society. The execution is splendidly free and confident, but more successful in modeling textiles than human flesh.

This really fine work is to me, I own, more satisfactory than the *Fairy Vision*. This appears to be an exercise in technique and skill rather than to have any particular meaning. In a richly-furnished boudoir, where the flickering light of tapers dances on dark lacquer and on the window-panes, a woman, divested of her gown, which glitters with spangles, is lying nude on a divan, with a string of pearls round her neck. She is seen at an angle, a daring piece of foreshortening; her head and shoulders are in shadow. This nude figure in the midst of such a luxurious solitude is disturbing in effect; ideas of death are inseparable from ideas of voluptuousness. Dead, and funereally sumptuous, are the suggestions of this work of M. Besnard; but while it suggests this it does not insist on it with excessive force. It sends the mind wandering after something tragical and true, but not completely realised. And why? No doubt because this *Fairy Vision* is a too narrow truth and too personal; because, instead of a touching symbol passing by and vanishing from our sight, the forcing of details, the lack of generalisation in the forms, bring us down to the baser and rather odious conception of a woman in love with her own beauty. The skill and certainty of treatment are quite admirable, but the meaning hovers between

an unsatisfactory realism, and an ideal which might have done honor to the artist's audacity.

Are clearness and dignity of ideas less necessary for a painter than for a poet? We contemplate a work of art not merely with our eyes, but with our mind, and a steadfast point of view is no less necessary morally than physically. I cannot wholly admire a work when I do not know the artist's meaning. The sensuousness of an antique Venus or an Italian Venus is healthy, because it appears as the frank expression of a great natural law. Fine and wholesome art is never ambiguous; but as soon as the conception is ill-defined the impression is equivocal.

And, after all, unity lies in the mind, not in the objects. An artist may follow two parallel roads and choose two fields of observation, if he blends them by the unfailing logic of feeling which constitutes clearness of vision. When Lucien Simon began to work on two such distinct lines as commonplace domestic scenes on one hand, and on the other the traditions and manners of Brittany, there may have been some fear lest this sensitive artist, with his keen and lucid mind would weaken his powers by thus dividing them. It was not so. He has carried out both purposes with convincing assurance. The *Procession* he exhibits this year is his finest work so far, and impresses us by its determined objective treatment. It wins our eyes and mind by the coherency of all its parts which form a whole, each thing being in its place and connected with the others in logical but not too rigid continuity. The sky silvery and iron grey, the bare plain of Penmarch, the lurid tones of the landscape, form a strong setting for the group of priests in white surplices and the train of men and women in dark costumes who follow the Cross. This strong, solemn key suits the subjects well. The individual characters are no less happily rendered: the curé, with his broad comfortable face and sense of dignity as a pastor; his two assistants, one of the peasant type, the other more refined; the fishermen

L. GROS.

The Hour of Mass (Brittany).

SALONS OF 1901.



L. SIMON.
A Procession.

SALONS OF 1901.



F.-H. MORISSEI.

Reading.

SALONS OF 1901.

with grave shaven faces ; some fresh women's heads, and the delightfully artless children relieving the austerity of the scene—all strike me as sound, firm art, bearing witness to eager sincerity and alert sympathy of mind. The technique too shows great improvement in strength and skill; the artist had never before modeled the human figure with such solidity and refinement in



full light and half shadow; the figure of the young priest to the left is a good instance. Lucien Simon makes us love these good people by virtue of this truth to human nature, studied from the life with such conscientious accuracy and which he has depicted without exaggeration or understatement. We meet such people every day, and we recognise them, for under the provincial costume we feel our identity of nature.

Again, I might praise unreservedly the picture by Lucien Simon

which he calls *Portraits*, in which the intimacy of quiet toil and tender devotion are expressed with such admirable precision, excepting only that one of the figures, that of the old man, is awkward in itself and heavily painted; this mars the unity and dignity of the work. The woman, on the contrary, with her matronly dignity and sweet gentle gravity, is one of the artist's happiest creations; it is a portrait which by its refinement of touch and general truth of expression suggests a scheme of life and moral atmosphere; Chardin, I think, would have approved of the work. Without dwelling on some slighter things, very amusing and humorous, we may say that Lucien Simon has asserted himself in this year's Salon as an artist who very clearly knows what he means, and who is rapidly improving in his mastery of method.

Cottet's art, as we know, camps on the sea shore, where he finds very pathetic subjects, treating them in a manner which, if somewhat rough and ready, is always sincere and often touching. Are his intentions always carried out by an adequately versatile and confident hand, or are they not occasionally misinterpreted by his too curt methods? On this point I am, I confess, still in doubt. Still, this lover's awkwardness has a charm of its own, and so keen a response to impressions will no doubt result in a definitive form of expression. Among the landscapes which hang round his principal picture there are two which seem to me remarkably true and harmonious, rich and subtle as swift transcripts of color: *The Port of Camaret* in overcast weather, with red sails on a green sea; and *November weather (sandhills of la Palud)*. In *St. John's Night* he shows us Brittany women, young and old, sitting round a fire burning in the open air. The sweep of coast, lighted up here and there with other bonfires, and the motionless figures strangely splashed with light and shade produce a curious effect, happily brought into a key of general harmony. At the same time it cannot be denied that the opaque groups which hide the blaze are heavy; and there is a certain poorness in the forms which the eye

LE BLANCHE

*M^{rs} André Gide, Rouart, Chaumy, Ghison, Athman Len Sait, at the Trocadero
(Exhibition of 1900)*

SALONS OF 1901



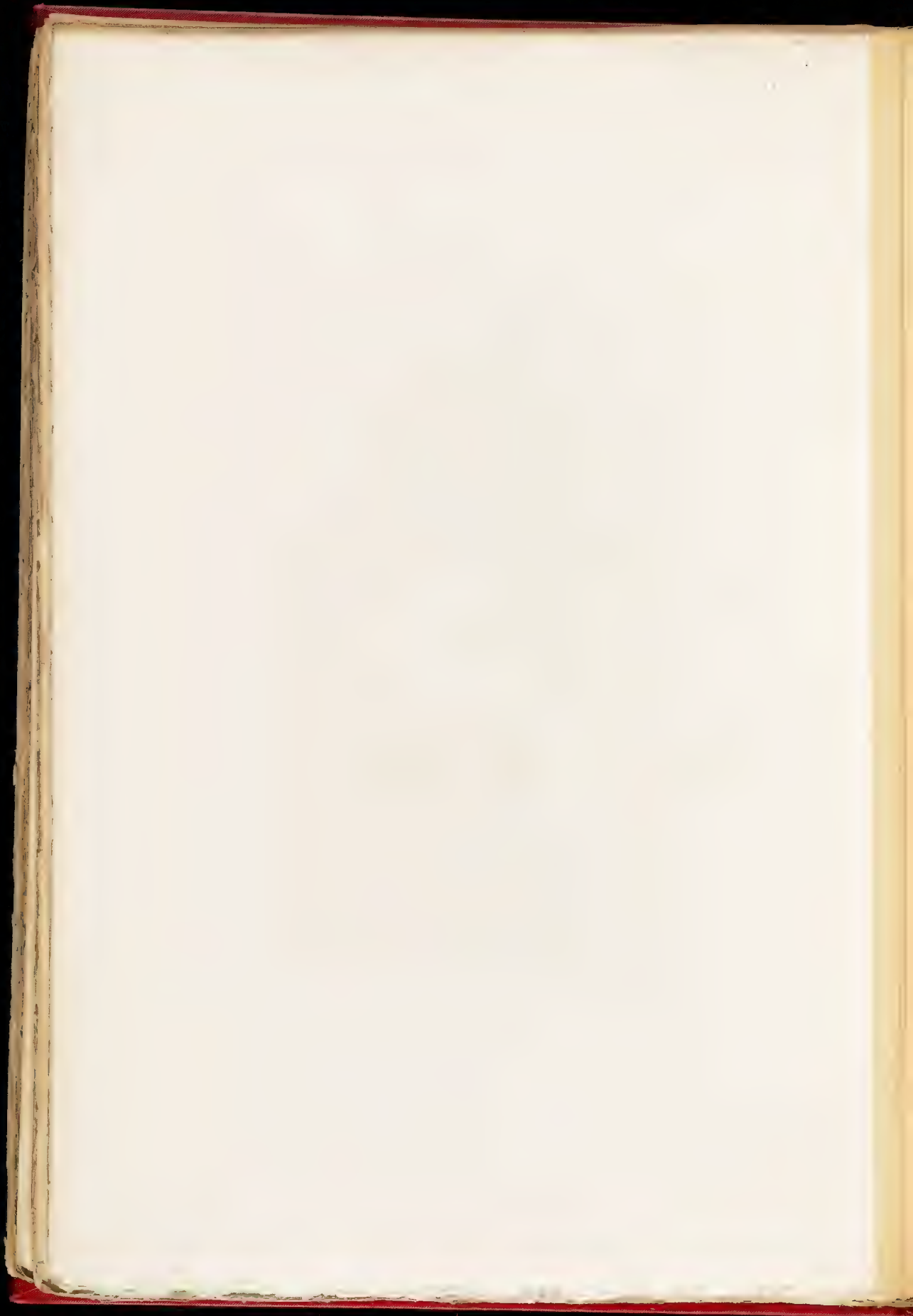
L.-A. LHERMITTE.

Gleaners

SALONS of 1901.



Hermitte
1901



cannot satisfactorily account for; a lack of solidity in the drawing and of substance in the figures. The truth is superficial, not logically thorough.

Jacques Blanche contributes this year a very interesting collection of works : a full-length *Portrait* of a woman, simple in pose, true and refined in expression ; a young lady seated, bright and clear in tone ; a girl half-reclining in an arm-chair, very simple in execution but, to my mind, too sparkling and frittered. His chief picture is more solid and sober, and, though exception may be taken to some points, is certainly the strongest work this artist has shown us. I speak of the picture in which he has grouped in a very natural and unhackneyed manner the *Portraits of MM. André Gide, Rouart, Chanvin, Ghéon and Athman-ben-Sala* in a Moorish café at the Exhibition. The young men are at their ease, among friends, talking and laughing, and their natural attitudes, with the gay liveliness or serious thought in the faces, are art of the calibre which conceals art. This first impression of truth and individuality nothing can efface. The artist who arrests our attention by such an illusion, and who puts us into such direct sympathy with living figures that we could fancy we had heard the just-uttered pleasantry and seize the essence of their spirit as we read in their faces the reflection of minds on the alert—that artist may rest assured that he has painted real and individual vitality. And these countenances are essentially of their day, full of irony, humor, thought, interrogation—the very impress of our time. The painting too is firmly handled, solid, full and delicate, with a free breadth of tone which I think far preferable to the flutter of broken lights which the artist sometimes affects. But with all its fine qualities the picture is open to criticism. The left hand part—an open view of the sky and the buildings of the Exhibition—is too independent of the center. The figure in the middle, an Arab in a red and yellow burnous, which ought to be the key-note of the whole composition, separates the other figures instead of pul-

ling them together, because as a patch of color it is too pale, neither strong enough nor grave enough. It is nevertheless evident that Jacques Blanche has strengthened his style since he painted his fine portrait of Thaulow, while preserving all his remarkable gifts as a shrewd psychological observer, a keen and tender portrait painter.

Sheer joy in painting, a healthy and happy spirit of delight, have never been better seen than in a fine female portrait by Carolus-Duran; the sitter and the execution are alike in their prime. The signboard for a fencing school is strong, sound work, and full of *go*; and the same painter's landscapes are equally full of fresh and delightful youthfulness.

Fine portraits are many in the Salon of the National Society. Among the most interesting I may mention those by a refined but rather perverse artist, who at first found her materials a little unruly, but who has subdued them to her free interpretation of form and of the subtle spirit that vivifies it. In all her portraits Mademoiselle Breslau shows unusual insight into the inner life of her sitters, and, what is more, the penetrating sympathy which sees in a face the reflection of the soul. She understands the union of the outer man with the informing spirit, and this occult element which animates her figures, as she brings it to light, is always something ardent and pure; the innocence of the young, the gentleness and sweetness of the suffering. Thus it is her privilege to have interpreted with wonderful success certain subtle moods of spiritual life—the first awakening of maidenhood, the sudden growth of womanly ideas and feelings. Mademoiselle Breslau's art has a marked German stamp. Though she has acquired a consistency and lucidity of color which at first she lacked, her talent lies in draughtsmanship, and she aims at the expressive epitome of character in a face of which Holbein is the inimitable master. I am struck, in the *Portrait of a Youth* cutting his pencil, by the gravity of the firm calm features, with their presentiment

I.-L. STEWART
A Drive in a Motor-Car

SALONS OF 1901.



CAROLUS-DU RAN.

Portrait of Madame la baronne de ...

SALONS OF 1800.





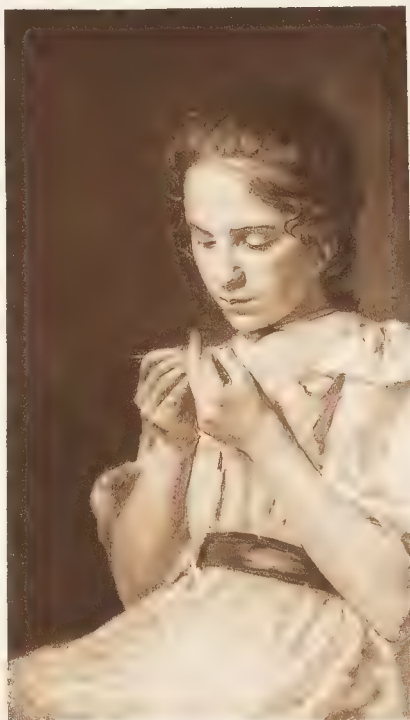
F. GUIGUET.
Girl with Crochet work.

SALONS OF 1901.

of art, suggesting Dürer as a boy, and by the firm drawing, the harmony of the look and action, the generalisation which covers the whole. Besides the *Geography Lesson*, the *Portrait of Robert K...*, and the *Winder*, Mademoiselle Breslau exhibits some flower paintings: *Zinnias*, rich in color and intensity of life, *Christmas Roses* of delicate texture. And to all she does she imparts a sort of nervous vitality and intellectual fervor.

Foreign artists fill an honorable place in the National Society's rooms. French courtesy is bound to welcome those who give us the support of their talent, and show us the modes of thought and feeling in foreign lands.

The Exhibition of 1900 reminded us that there are very fine painters outside France; that the Anglo-Saxon race can boast, in Whistler, of a star of the first magnitude, that Holland may well be proud of



Israëls and of the Maris; but still, French art at the present day is, as an organism, the most living and complete. And it is one of the disastrous results of the division that the school, thus cut in two, seems not to present so broad, so solid a front as it might. After reviewing all our artists of the first class, it almost seems

as though the average of foreign work were better than our own. This, however, is not quite true—unless perhaps among the Dutch, where the tradition of sound painting is particularly alive. And of course those who send pictures to the Paris Salons are among the best of their several nationalities.

The portraits by the English painter, Lavery, are excellent likenesses, pleasant and full of expression, glowingly and richly painted, firmly and intelligently modeled. I prefer, however, the masterly portrait of *Mrs. Brown Potter*, charming in all respects, to the *Lady with Pearls* which, notwithstanding all the skill displayed by Mr. Lavery, appears a little meagre.

M. Neven du Mont, who is, however, less assured in his drawing, shows fresh simplicity and facile grace in his portrait of *Madame G... and her son*, a pleasing symphony of yellowish grey and tender pinks.

Mr. W. G. von Glehn sends two very attractive pictures, one especially : *Two friends*, a girl sitting in a rocking-chair and stroking a greyhound. It is bright, simple and clever ; social rank and native elegance are apprehended with much refinement ; the workmanship is a little too even.

Those indeed are not Whistler, but they are good examples of the Anglo-Saxon school which has always treated portrait painting with keen human feeling. Still, it must not be overlooked that the influence of the celebrated French painter, Manet, is no less visible here than that of the great American painter. The intimate sense of individuality is in the essence of English art ; but the power of clear, accurate, and swift expression is derived from the master of open-air painting.

We find the same taste for subtle tones and comprehensive modeling in an imaginative work : *The Golden Age*, by Mr. Bunny—very graceful and delicately florid, but lacking solidity, and superficial in feeling. *A Spanish Dance* by the same artist is pleasing in color, but a mere passing vision that will not bear close inspection.

W.-G. DE GLEHN.
Two Friends portrait

SALEN 6. 1901.



I ZULOAGA
Promenade after a Bull-Fight

SALONS OF 1901



Spanish art, represented in the other Salon by the startling and rather crude color of Sorolla y Bastida, here shows itself the richer for another artist. Anglada shows capricious power and thorough knowledge in his paintings of genre and imaginative representations of Gitanas of Cordova and Parisian quadrilles. He draws with a sort of lyric realism the contorsions and wild frenzy of the dancers, the crescendo of hysterical sensuousness that is developed by the whirling movement, and mounts to the brain of the human animal. It is no ordinary artist who has transposed the doleful round of the Moulin Rouge and the Jardin de Paris into frothy fairy scenes. He has put much refined force and delicate feeling for art into these hallucinations founded on fact.

The Beggar, by Yturrino, stands deliberate, dark and ragged in front of a swarming crowd. It is a painter's beggar, the stamp of life and character are absent. As I stood before the promising attempt I could not help recalling the decisive, nay harrowing, work in which the Belgian painter, Evenpoel, too soon snatched away, depicted the artist who has given us this *Beggar*, on an open space in Montmartre—a stranger in Paris; the figure seemed to rise up before my eyes.

Zuloaga takes us to Spain—Spain in the time of Goya, and, on a large canvas, shows us a *Promenade after a Bull-fight*. He shows us a vast mountainous landscape, and a small town with yellow, sun-baked walls rising from bare fields; in the foreground, outside the town, a number of women walking and gossiping. In the near distance a woman on horseback rises above the rest, her hat and feathers and romanesque profile clear against the sky; near her a negro is selling oranges. The Señoritas with their mantillas, their red or lilac skirts, their tawny or warm ivory complexions, their sunny smiles and shining eyes, form an animated and gaudy group. The certainty and dexterity of brushwork are marvellous; certain passages are touched in with amazing *brio*; but it must be said that, as a whole, the picture is rather incoherent.

The landscape, the horsewoman and the negro, form a picture of calm and satisfactory unity; against this the figures in the foreground stand out so as to give the effect of a brilliant assembly on a stage. They are not in the same light as the other figures, and the bright colors, not being pulled together by any general harmony, have no lasting effect.

The Belgian school, so nearly allied to the French, differs from it, however, on account of its more fervent affection for richness and solidity of material. I never till this year fully appreciated the strong taste of Courtens, or the juicy richness of his painting. It may be owing to the fact that he has never before expressed with so much force as in these two pictures—the *Approach of Winter* and the *End of Autumn*—the varied greens and golden glow of Autumn, the grey, pale lilac and dying russet of November skies, and the wind-swept woods where the last leaves show like jewels against the plum-colored maze of bare boughs; and the texture is so full, the touch so comprehensive and so responsive! The tint of the first is rich and strong, the second is damp, melancholy and crepuscular, charming the eye with its purple greys and rusty gold. This is sound, solid work inspired by nature.

Gilsoul, in his *Landscape of the Belgian Coast*, plans his distances with decision and shows us the sweeping lines of tall trees beaten by the wind. Next to him and Courtens come Claus, Buysse and Willaert, who are sound and finished artists, but they belong more to the impressionist school, and are certainly less robust. L. Frédéric stands apart; he is an accurate and painstaking draughtsman, following in the steps of the old masters; in a portrait, like this of his father, he studies character and expression. Mesdag, always masterly and sure of himself, sends us his harmonious grey Dutch sea-pieces; and Martens some delicate work, such as *The Fowls*, and the *Knitting-lesson*.

The Scandinavian schools have, among others, a representative

E. DAUPHIN.
Saint-Tropez.

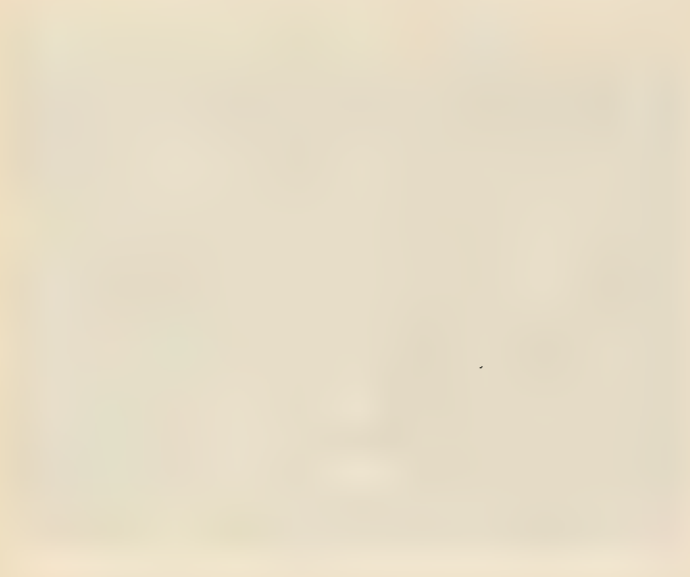
SALONS OF 1901



H.-W. MESDAG.
Departure of Fishing boats.

SALONS OF 1901.





L. ANQUETIN.

Portraits of Paul and Victor Margueritte.

SALONS OF 1901.

who is almost French; Thaulow, whose intelligence is at once so keen and so subtle, and at the same time so powerful. His *Month of Mary*, with the contrast of the orange-colored lights against the dark night, is a most captivating work. The Finland painter, Edelfelt, exhibits, besides his fine *Summer evening in Finland*, a life-like portrait of *Mademoiselle Ackté*, the celebrated singer.

It would be unjust not to mention another artist of considerable



distinction, Mademoiselle de Boznauska, who, in her two pictures, *Family portrait*, and *Woman of Brittany*, shows exquisite qualities of crispness and refinement.

The French landscape painters or the National Society do not all possess the freshness of impression nor the solidity of handling which we admire in many foreign artists; indeed it is impossible not to note in many of them a decided lack of energy. There is but one way to paint and paint well. An artist may express himself with the minimum of material, but his idea cannot be

expressed without it, for it is his means of utterance. When the actual painting becomes too thin, too ethereal, the preconceived idea dominates over the direct feeling; the artist who really feels in the presence of nature appeals to all the resources of art to cope with difficulties and to do her justice.

The landscapes by Dauchez are too thin, they will perish for lack of body; and we can but regret his earlier and more solid manner. And yet there is a delightfully pretty and delicate feeling in the chaste and mysterious *Bathing place* of the young Brittany girls, under the shades of fir-trees, in some calm winding estuary. The tone is exquisitely soft, the painting is far too slight.

I have a different fault to find with M. Moreau-Nélaton. His landscapes, dashed in with a rapid brush, with much vivacity and decision, do not improve in cohesion and solidity. In my opinion, they seem unfinished and are little else than swift and clever sketches, and leave us wishing for some firmer construction.

It has for some time seemed to me that these artists, so highly gifted, so full of deep feeling, and so keen of insight, would benefit greatly by severer self-discipline. The neighborhood of other riper and more carefully studied works would, I think, have a salutary effect on them. It is well sometimes to be compelled to compare one's efforts with the works of others, and to feel the necessity of greater and more sustained perseverance. We are all too much given to shirking difficulties, and nothing is more difficult than to work up a sketch so as to give it the weight and importance of a finished work. And yet, if this is neglected, the artist only fritters himself in futile and unsuccessful attempts.

So now, as I am finding fault with artists whom I highly appreciate, I would appeal to M. Lebasque, a landscape and figure painter, and recommend him to concentrate his energies a little. He is a talented artist, full of promise; he exhibits a nude study of a girl, which is well modeled, very delicate, and carefully painted.

A. DAUCHEZ.
A Bathing Place.

SALONS OF 1901.



E.-R. MÉNARD
The Flock

SAIGON OF 1901



In his other paintings there is no lack of freshness and spirit, but there is some frittered work too, and nothing to be compared with his *Women bathing*, exhibited in 1899. Then I would beg M. Auburtin, whose decorative sense is so elegant, to be less easily satisfied than he has been in this picture, graceful indeed but rather vacuous: *The three Sisters of Bangor*. I would ask M. Milcendeau if he thinks he has done well in leaving La Vendée for Spain. His water-color drawings of the women of that province had a sort of wild grandeur and nobleness; he depicted as a master what he knew and understood so well; he had his treasure at his own door. Why does he go further afield to give us these rough, inadequate impressions? The figures he used to paint formerly revealed a far more marked individuality; why not follow up the furrow he had begun so well?

M. René Ménard is faithful in his affections. His landscapes, duly thought out and matured, show us the ideal of a poet in love with antique strength and splendor. Still, they have the effect rather of compositions evolved by the thoughtful brain of a man of letters than of a direct and sincere study of nature. The sun that shines on them is antiquarian; the clouds that gather seem hallowed by age. A humbler scene, a less solemn array of trees, a less august sunset would give us pleasanter sensations. Pray, M. Ménard, give us some day a homely view, neither antique, nor Greek, nor barbaric, but every-day French.

The same character of stiffness is perceptible in his portraits, which are carefully studied and elaborately wrought; but the exact fidelity to detail destroys the plasticity of life. This is especially noticeable in the portrait of *M. André Chevrillon*, expressive of concentrated thought and acumen, but much too labored in drawing, and dry in color.

The broadening and blossoming of a manner from a more frank and cordial intimacy with life is what delights me in the later works of M. Aman-Jean; they have more atmosphere and are fuller and

rounder than of yore. The flower of his exquisite but rather precious and fastidious art—the flower which affected a sort of shyness—is at last full-blown, and infinitely delicate are his portraits of girls. What more rare than a portrait of a young girl? And these by Aman-Jean have such a peculiar charm—so timid, so tremulous; he so exactly expresses awakening sentiment, undefined dreams, and artless frankness of gaze that we forget Prud'hon and Gainsborough, and begin to think that no one before him ever understood the characteristics of maidenhood. How natural, how elegant is this one seated on a stone bench in an Alpine landscape, with her light fawn-colored dress, and a pale blue bow in her dull gold hair. Even better is a picture called *Portraits*, a fair girl indolently stretched out, and a dark-eyed friend sitting by her side and looking at her. We seem to see those eyes wandering and resting on one thing and another, like flitting butterflies. The color too is essentially individual; the dead white of the dress, the salmon pink sash, all the pretty play of light, cool tones about these graceful creatures compose a sweet psychological poem. I hear the praises sung of the lady-like quality of certain English portraits; but this is quite a different thing. Moral propriety, smiling, craving charm, aristocratic grace and saucy but high resolve burn like flame under that ermine whiteness and in those frank eyes.

We cannot dispute the artist's right to his own view of things. He must choose and interpret. Still, we must be able to see in this interpretation the broad features and essential scheme of nature. We are ill at ease as soon as we are aware of an intentional deviation from truth, or feel it to be impossible that in our day an artist should have so shallow a perception of men and things; such an affectation of artlessness spoils the most attractive qualities. It may, of course, be retorted that our eyes, accustomed to more vulgar ideas, are incapable of appreciating rarer presentments stripped of grosser resemblance. But for my part I cannot

WILL.-H. LOW.

An Interlude—Mr. Mac Monnies' Garden.

SALONS OF 1901.

accept the meretricious candor of a coterie which restricts itself to foregone conclusions, instead of expanding to the proportions of larger life.

The picture which suggests these reflections is called *Homage to Cézanne* by M. Maurice Denis. The work is a queer medley of solemnity, of schoolboy tricks, and of real nature. Some artists are



grouped in a studio; on an easel is a picture of still-life by Cézanne, the mysterious precursor of impressionism. An old gentleman with an acute face, whom I supposed at first to be Ludovic Halévy, is looking at it; a youth with an orange-tawny beard, like Mounet-Sully, is explaining. At first I imagined that the witty author of *La Cigale* was making his apologies to the new school of *luminists* he had made fun of. But no, it is not that. There are other figures: an artist who is clinging like a monkey to the back of the easel; a woman coming in with furtive grace; a student

smoking a pipe. And this is childlike, primitive art! You place men of the present day in the angular attitudes of primitive painters, in stiff positions, with shapeless hands; you revert to a tradition which in its time was a discovery, and restrict yourself intentionally to this Byzantine formula—this, we are asked to believe, is the ideal. But what once was sincere, to-day is grotesque. I do not believe that these affectations, these muttered, stuttering efforts can prevail against sense and nature. Art lives by evolution and not by contraction and this is the renunciation of life.

In the treatment of legendary subjects, Maurice Denis' method, I admit, may find some defence. This affected artlessness may be accepted in such a subject as *Christ with the little children*, where we can understand the craving for candor—which indeed is not genuine; still, the craving is pretty. But say what you will, it is mawkish, insipid and a little idiotic. I rather fancy that M. Denis is an artist who devotes himself to a sort of ceremonial, of etiquette, and is afraid to cut adrift for fear of offending against the unwritten and rigid code of symbolism. But symbols are not ultra-natural; and in order to express nature they must first include and comprehend it.

Another phase of affectation disfigures the very genuine merit of a learned and imaginative artist, whose art, too, always embodies a thought. I speak of Maurice Desvallières. He is profound to obscurity and I, for one, cannot follow him in the labyrinth of his imagery. I examine with much interest his work entitled *Æternum transvertere*, and when I have examined it I am none the wiser, for I am quite unable to understand what it means. I see, in the middle of the picture, a couch, and on it a Prince, a Hindoo perhaps, weary of life beyond a doubt, leaning on his elbow and looking fearfully bored; near him is a woman, nude and holding a lotus; to the left stand some black slaves, sinister rascals carrying arms—his bodyguard, or executioners perhaps;



F.-M.-E. LE GOUT-GÉRARD.

Entrance to the Old Dock.

SALONS OF 1901.



M.-J. IWILL

Between Venice and the Lido after a storm

SALON OF 190



how can I tell? Further away, on the palace steps, are figures carrying vases, amphoræ and bronzes. To the right are a chorus of dancers, some of exquisite and original grace, and more bronze-skinned men in extravagant attitudes. Then there are colonnades, hedges, fountains, all under a heavy grey and silver sky. What sentiment, what distinct idea does this inexplicable whirl of dim shades in limbo convey to my mind? Where is the conjuror who can give me a clue to the riddle?—And then, next to this farrago, by the same painter, I see a lovely portrait of a woman, finely and accurately drawn, delicate in color, and I can but express the hope that M. Desvallières may some day become a convert to nature.

The visitor may come and go in this hospitable Salon; I do not say he will never find anything to displease him. Here and there some rather loud bit of work meets the eye, which is not in the very best style and taste. But he has only to pass by on the other side. And there are nooks where the decorator's skill has contrived bowers of rest for the mind and the eyes. For instance, a little octagon room where a *Portrait of a lady* by Dagnan blandly presides. This is, I think, the best portrait ever painted by this keen and subtle observer, drawn with the fixity of purpose which goes to the bottom of the character of a face, and gives all the personal temperament of the sitter.

Close by is a work of exquisite and racy charm, of the finest quality as to tone and very cleverly composed. This is a *Still life* study by Zakarian. Against a quiet grey background, a horn, a violin, an ebony flute, a cup, and a book are arranged in skillful disorder; in the middle a sheet of paper and a tambourine give the highest note, one white, the other luminous grey; a bright rose-red ribbon relieves the sober tones of the wooden instruments and the black mouth of the horn. Each object has its characteristic texture, and plays its part in this charming domestic concert. This little masterpiece is the result of infinite painstaking

and skill, and epitomises all the knowledge and taste of a painter who here reveals himself as a worthy son of the great Chardin.

This room is a museum in itself, such as many a town in France could not match. Here again is to be found Dinet's poetical Arab legend; the stirring scene representing *The Son of a Holy Mrabeth carried in triumph by the crowd*. And here also are two thoughtful and characteristic profiles by M. Lottin, solid and brilliant in relief; and some sheeny *Pinks* against a black background, well and solidly painted, and a *Begonia* in a pot of coarse blue and white ware, as well as some flowers by Dumont, very clever though a little theatrical in arrangement.

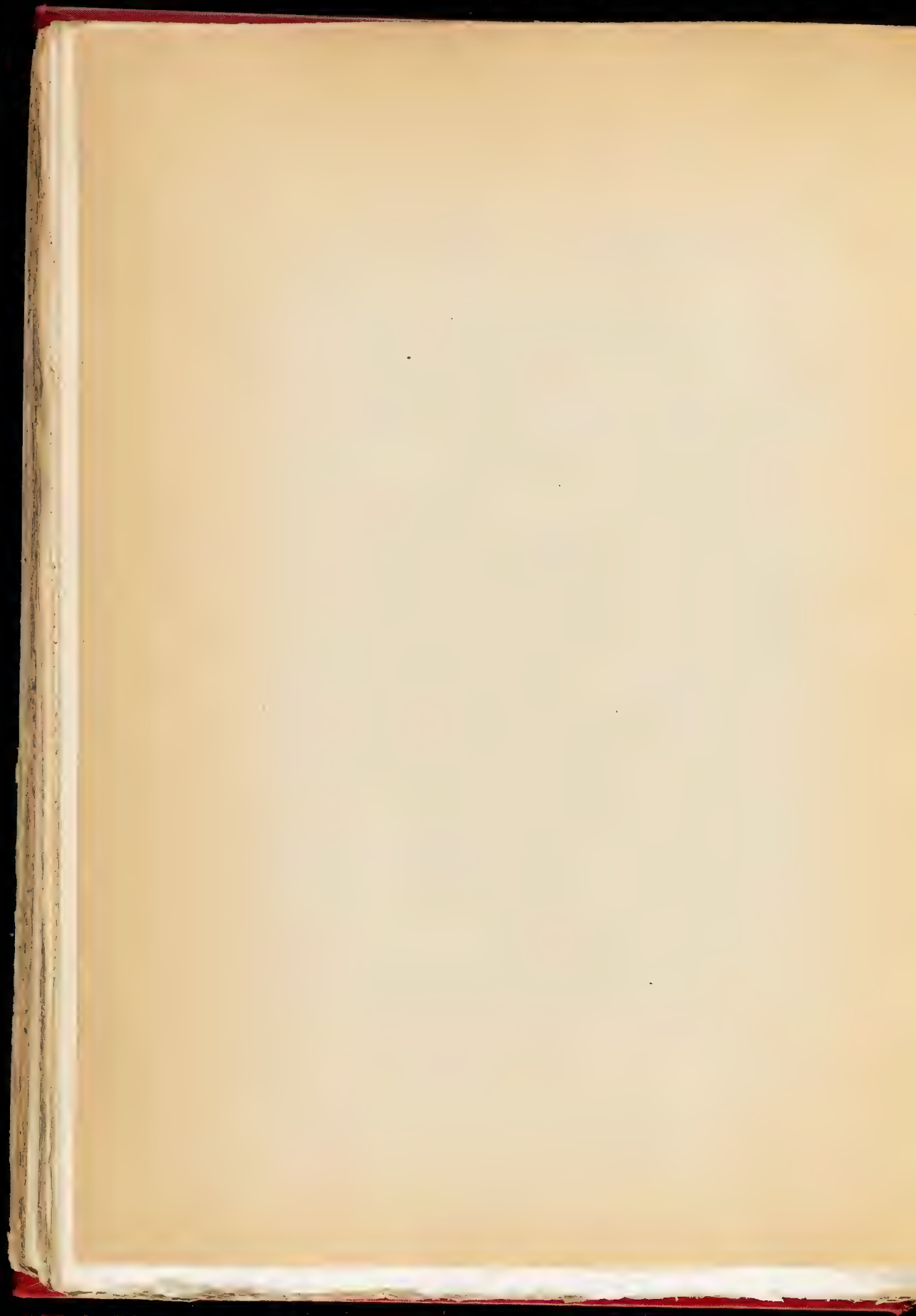
I now come to three quite sweet little pictures, freely but firmly handled, flowers and fruits with their reflections by Madame Delvolvé-Carrière. Look carefully at these yellow roses placed in a vase with gold reflection, these white and violets orchids, these quinces lying by a glass. The frail spirit of the things, the delicate soul of the flowers, the very weight of the fruit, are expressed with tender strength. The pleasant drawing and curves of the forms is repeated in the pale reflection, and the reality is carried out in a dream. This is how such light and quivering things are reflected in a sensitive intelligence which really loves and understands their transient beauty.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Hubert-Robert sought the poetry of the past amid Roman ruins. But now the sixteenth, or even the eighteenth century can give us a sensation of remoteness and a sort of historic thrill. Several artists of the National Society can thus revive dead nature and studies of interiors by giving them a vein of human poetry. Walter Gay shows us the aspects of old French châteaux: *The Court of the Baptistry at Fontainebleau*, its grey walls and time-eaten stones, full of reminiscences. Maurice Lobre paints the apartments of Versailles and Trianon, the majesty of the great King's reign, the interiors of dainty and judicious magni-

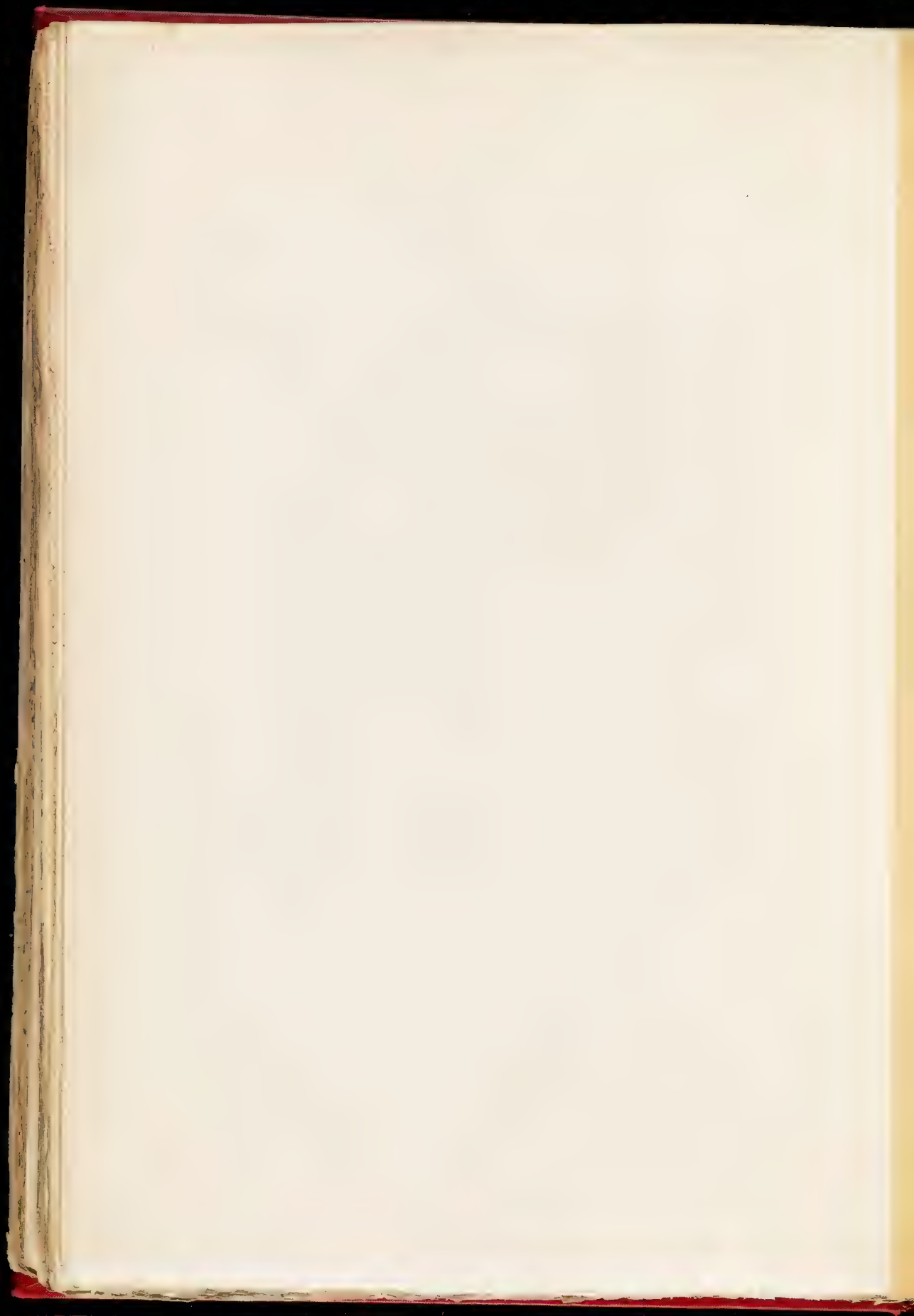
W. É. DINET

Abd el-Ghazam and Nourel-Ain Slave of Love and Light-of the-Eyes
An Arab Legend

PARIS 1904





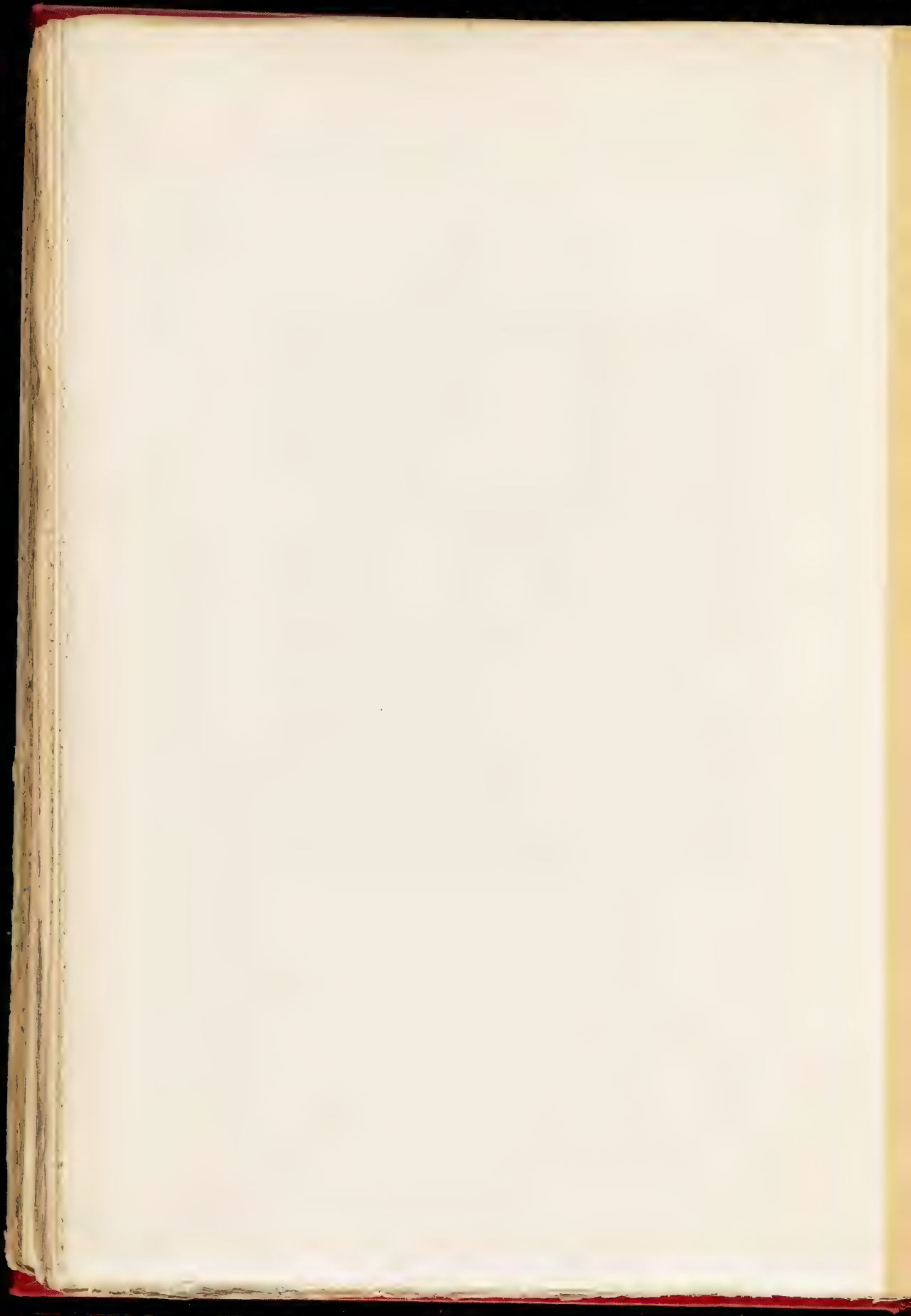


R.-X. PRINET.
The Kreutzer Sonata.

SALONS OF 1901.







J.-J. WEERTS.
Portrait of Madame M..

SALONS OF 1901.



ficence where a decaying regime fell asleep. Among the pictures contributed by this artist, all finely and soundly painted, at once rich and light in effect, there is a little Louis XV salon in blue, white and gold, which is a joy to the eyes and the mind, so full is it of the spirit of that luxurious age; we almost expect to see some coquettish Marquise enter the room, all frills and furbelows.

The same faint perfume of the past pervades the work of a clever painter of incident who infuses into his realism a certain tender grace reminiscent of poetry and romance. But Prinnet, with his refined and judicious intellect, ought to avoid the melodramatic emphasis



which, to my taste, mars his *Kreutzer Sonata*. On the other hand, his *Lady on the Sofa* is cosy and pretty; his *Adieux* full of tender melancholy. Still, I am inclined to ask this artist, and some others not less expert and skilled, as for instance, Boulard and the two Griveau's, to answer one question. Do they aim at the presentment of contemporary society and nature? If so, why this hue of time shed over the objects and persons of to-day? It is as though a veil hung between the painters and reality, as though they saw the world through the medium of prints and collections in museums. We must leave it to time to give mellowness to our paintings, to soften them with a golden glow. We may be very certain that when first

painted the works of the Old Masters had a vivid brilliancy which showed the sincerity and freshness of the impression they recorded.

Between Lottin and Prinnet, Saglio holds his place well as a pleasing domestic poet, with a gentle subtle grace that is all his own: *Visitors*, *A Game at Draughts*, and the *Washhouse* show a love and study of scenes and persons and soft harmonious coloring, with a little timidity and limpness of drawing. Morisset, whose brush is swift and spirited, paints a children's game, *La Capucine*, and the stir of traffic outside the booths and shows of *La Rue de Paris* (in the Exhibition of 1900) by night. His color too is over ripe; while Hochard is too decidedly reminiscent of Daumier in his vigorous and amusing sketches of provincial life.

Such studies of manners are remarkably abundant and various. On rather too large a canvas, and too monotonous in its light tone, Raffaelli, in the *Bridesmaid*, as in his views of Paris, is, as ever, the frank and satirical painter who knows how to express the character in a face or the feelings and emotions of a crowd. *Reading*, by Denisse, is full of silence and atmosphere, and very finely drawn. The *Interior*, and a *Girl doing crochet-work* by Guiguet are gracefully simple. Madame Le Roy d'Étiolles exhibits a refined and truthful *Interior*; Marcel-Beroneau *An Old Woman spinning* and *A Deserted Forge*, the latter a highly impressive picture; Blessy sends a *Game at Draughts*, and an *Embroideress*, careful and sympathetic in feeling, but a little cold in execution. I may further mention the *Music Lesson* and *The Album* by Berton; *Luncheon* and *A Woman dressing* by Tournès, who, like Berton, too obviously imitates Carrière; *Grandmother Knitting*, by Røderstein; *In the Studio* by Rixens; the *Two Sisters* by Wetherill; a *Portrait of Mademoiselle X...* by Louis Picard, a pretty fancy in rose and white against a blue sky; *An Interior* and a *Girl at a window*, by Delachaux; and *Peace at Fiesole*, by Noël.

The wholesome poetry of rural life has lent happy inspiration to several of our artists. Lhermitte has never done better than in

F. PIET.

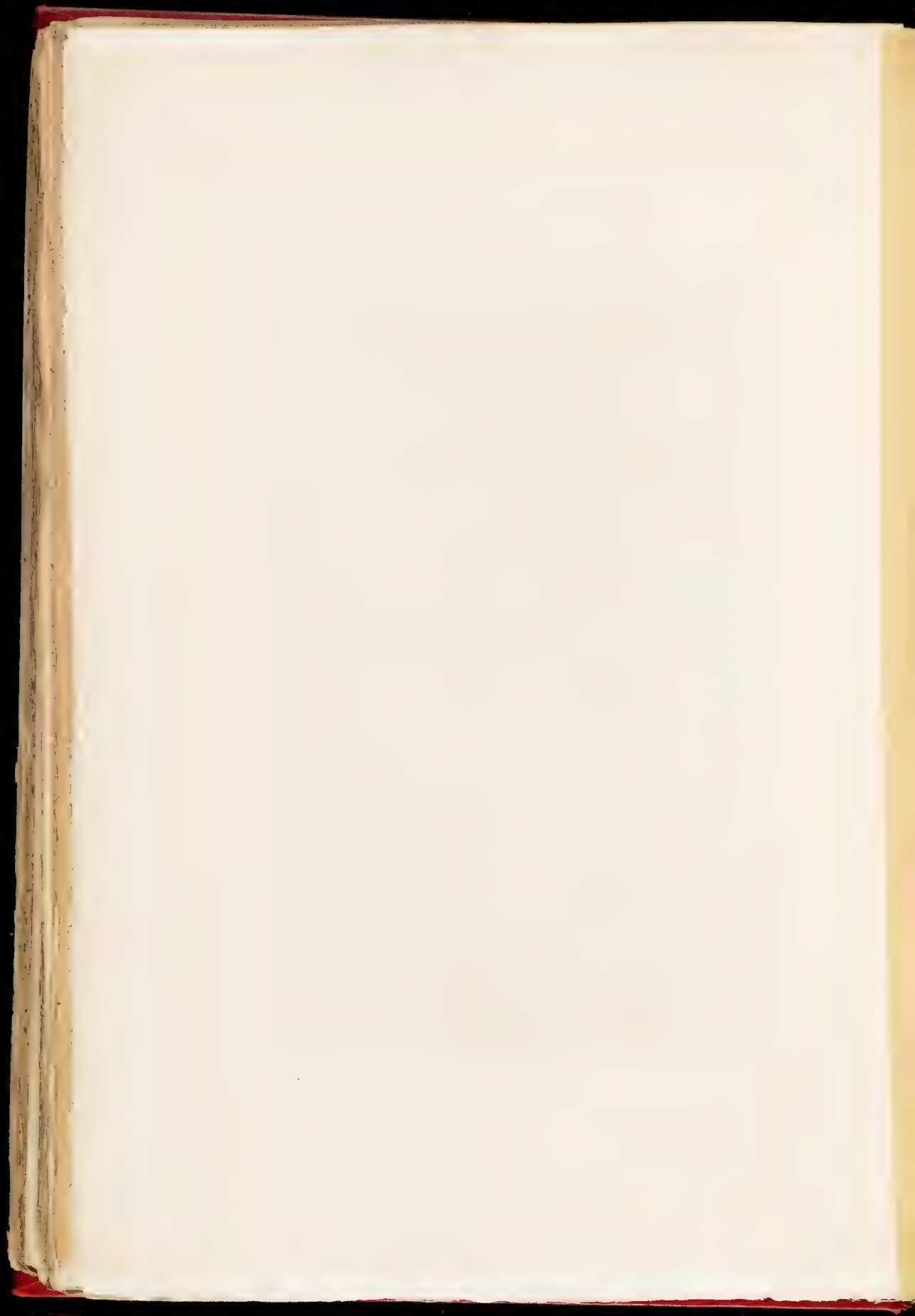
Earthenware Market (Pont-Labbé).

SALONS OF 1901.





Ground Floor



R. BILLOTTE.
The Dying day (banks of the Loing).

SALONS OF 1901.







these two pictures, *The Young Mother* and *The Child*, in which the simple but never harsh color gives full value to the strength of drawing and the satisfactory contrast of black and white; the figures, very rustic but very human, are set forth in a sober, honest manner which is most convincing and appealing. *Afternoon, a holiday in the Ile de Bréhat*, by Kœnig, and his *Ball*, are capital contributions to the popular chronicles of Brittany which modern artists take such delight in illustrating. *Markets*, and *The Washing Place* by Piet, though somewhat curt and hard, are a spirited epitome of landscape and figure. *A Sunday Walk*, by de La Nézière, and *A Woman of Brittany*, by Stevens, are artlessly fresh.

Back from School, by Muenier, the painter of Franche-Comté, is nice in feeling, although a little dry and stiff in execution; *An Accident*, by Truchet, is an amusing impressionist study. In *La Tour des Dames*, Marie Duhem infuses a strange fragrance of the past into the poetry of the landscape. *Starting for the Procession, evening*, by Roger, is on too large a canvas, too vacant and too shallow, and gives too much importance to the singularity of the costumes; but, on the other hand, the same artist sends some vivid studies of Dutch canals. Guignard exhibits a *Cowshed*, full of a warm, steamy atmosphere.

The discussion of these subjects of rural life has brought me back, by a natural transition, to the landscape painters, and I must not omit to mention some refined artists: E. Barau, faithful to the pale, chill coloring of his province of Champagne, attractive by his simplicity of purpose, and fond of telling the truth without over-emphasizing it; his *October Sunshine* gilding the poplars, the flowery garden, the low house, is a rare and exquisite thing; Binet, with his *Moonrise* and *Autumn in Touraine*, and Billotte, with *The Dying Day* on the banks of the Loing.

Lebourg, by a broad manner of painting in spots, shows us the play of light on the winding reaches of the Seine. Meslé has brought some full brushwork from Moret, very original in feeling,

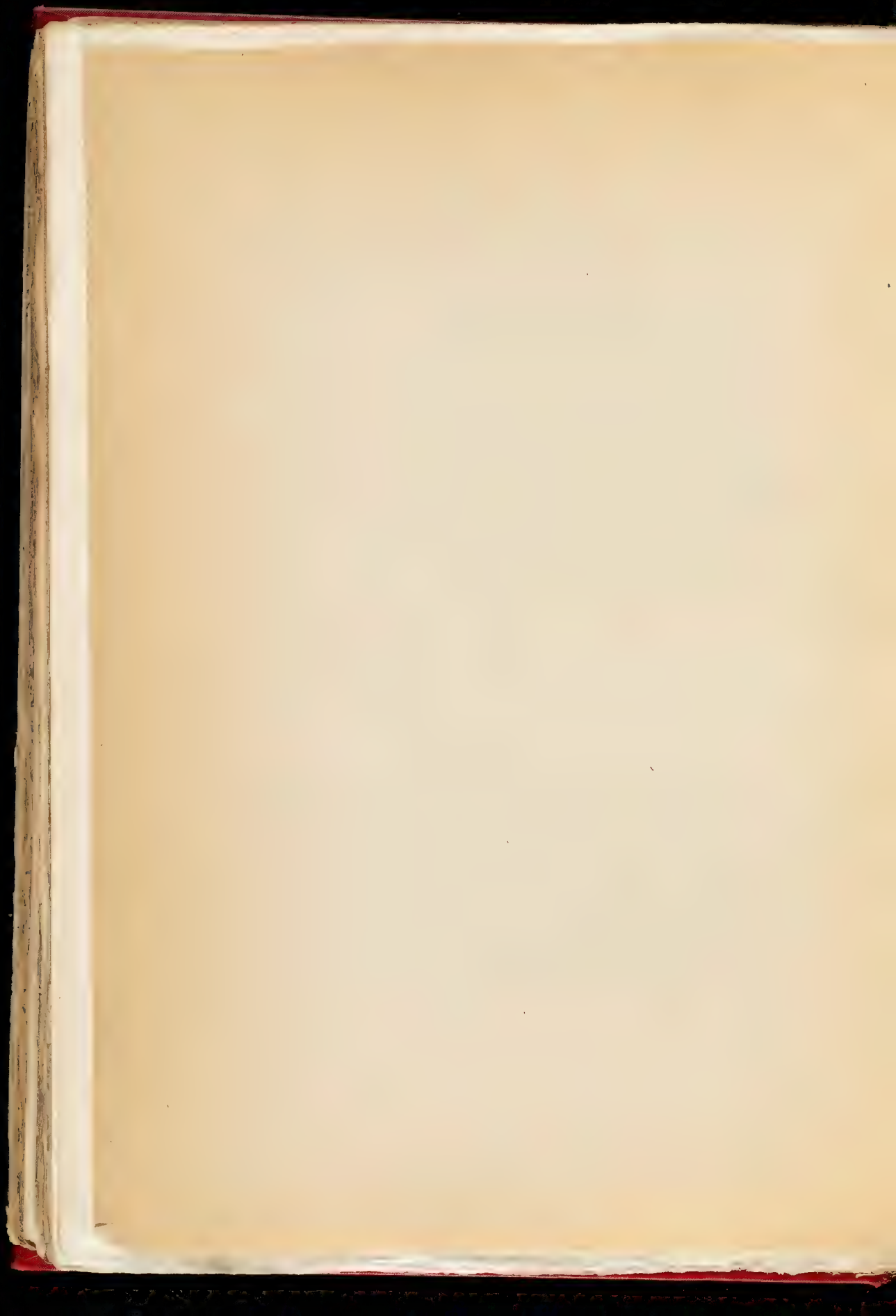
as in his *Village Street* in grey weather, where he contrasts the faint light of the lamps with the pale tones of twilight. Moullé gives us the strange harmony of blue and flaming orange of a summer sunset; his effects are fuller than of yore, richer and more translucent. Costeau sends some pretty decorative pieces; Stengelin two broad and harmonious sea-pieces: *A Nocturne on the North Sea*, and *The Fishing boat's return*. Nor must we overlook the *Seaports* by Chevalier and by Le Gout-Gérard, and Chudent's *Ramparts at Besançon*; *Views of Boulogne*, cheerful and luminous, by Braquaval; some bits of Paris, by Ulmann, tragical in effect; the capital *Ermatingen*, by J. Gabriel, who reminds us of Boudin; Montenard's vivid sea-pieces and sunlit landscapes of Provence, with the softer and greyer work of Camus; the *Evening Effect at Camaret-sur-Mer*, by Richon-Brunet, and his *Moonlight on the Water*; a bright and striking landscape by Lauvray: *My Terrace*, and *Saint-Malo*, by Morrice, a Canadian artist of great merit, whose name I am glad to mention.

Le Sidaner has a very original way of blotting the outlines of things and making them harmonise mysteriously in hazy sunlight or twilight. Smith, in his capital views of Venice, contrasts with much skill the rosy and golden glow of old buildings with the cold plash of the canal, the gliding green of the water that bathes their feet.

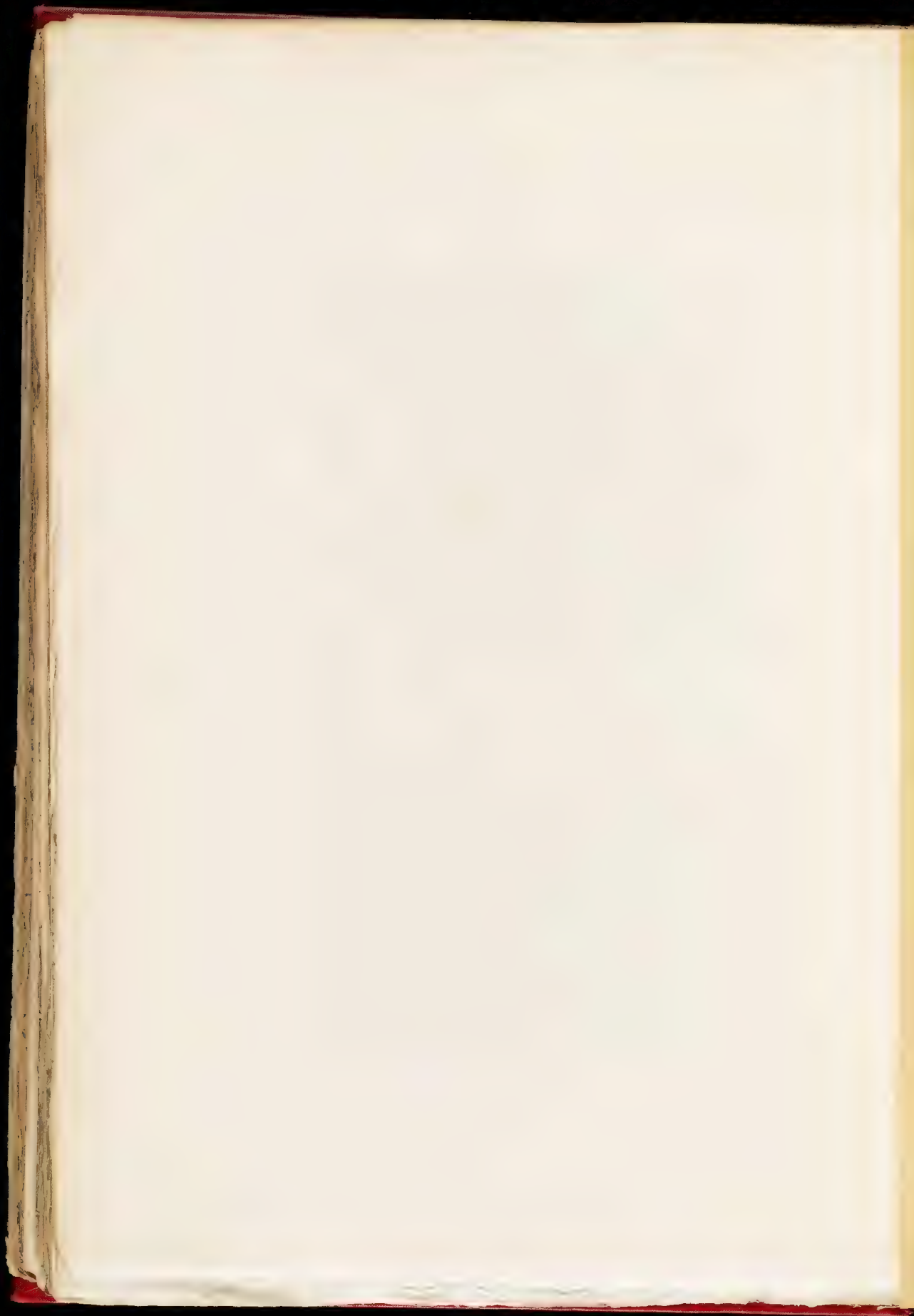
Among the drawings and pastels, which are generally overlooked by visitors to the Salon, are to be found a considerable number of works of high merit: *The Bath*, *Calypso*, and *Under the Orange-trees*, by Aman-Jean, are warm and fanciful; the *Fishers of Concarneau*, by Fromuth, attractively original; and so are the *Young Girls bathing*, by Charlet; a large fine landscape by Iwill; *Aspects of Notre-Dame*, by Houbron; some portraits of children by Madame Simon and Mademoiselle Nourse; *Views in the Jardin des Plantes*, by Daniel Vierge, the great illustrator; flowers and artichokes, highly decorative studies by Madame Crespel, also deserve to be mentioned.

G. COSTEAU
Twilight.

SALONS - 1901





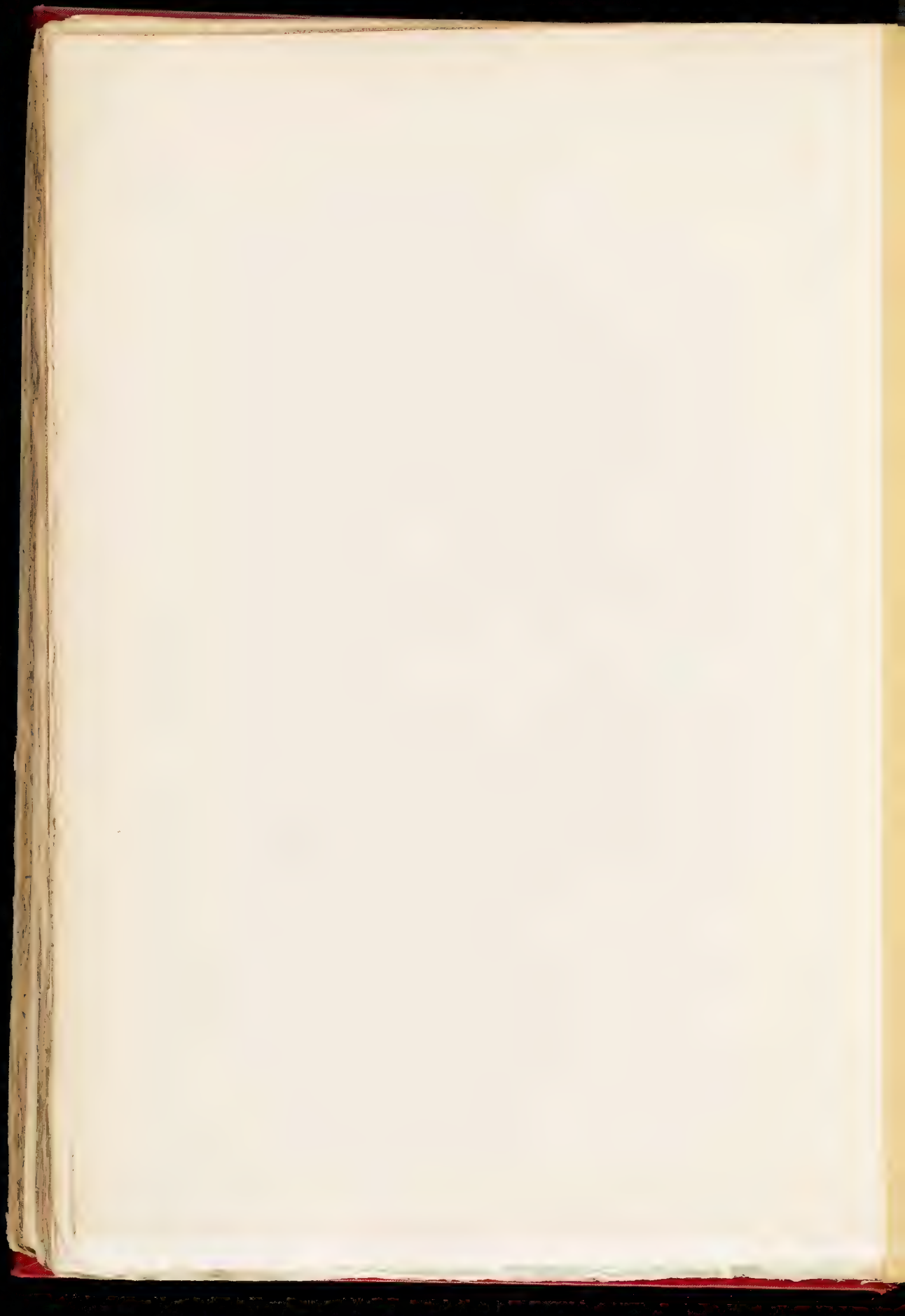




A STENGELIN
Nocturne on the North Sea

SALONS OF 1904.





F. THAULOW.
The Month of Mary.

SALONS OF 1901.

Three especial exhibitions have also been arranged here by the National Society of Fine Arts. G. La Touche has brought together a considerable number of water-color paintings, treating every variety of subject from landscapes to religious or symbolical compositions; *Hamlet*, *A Vision of the Antique*, *A Descent from the Cross* or



Homage to certain great artists, Rodin and Puvis de Chavannes. Form and light are treated with bold and sometimes bewildering skill.

In a series of drawing of Bible subjects, James Tissot illustrates Genesis. I confess that, while I recognise the indefatigable patience of an artist who has elaborated so many sacred scenes with such care for archæological and realistic exactitude, I cannot see the point of efforts which tend to localise and narrow those great and pathetic stories, to which Rembrandt on the contrary gave the breadth of universal human symbolism. I cannot resign myself to seeing Abraham, Isaac and Jacob transmogrified into Kanakas.

I am more interested in Renouard's clever and spirited chalk drawings, in which he revives for us the crowds and perspectives so familiar to us during the Great Exhibition of 1900; here he shows us the toiling workmen, there officials in procession and further bustling throngs; then he fixes on paper, with unerring accuracy of hand and eye, the queer contortions of the passengers on the moving footway, altogether a motley world, from the capable heads who conceived the vast work to the nameless myrmidons who carried it out, and all are caught in the act by a firm and powerful draughtsman and good-natured humorist.

I will close this review of the section of painting with the name of a very amusing and fanciful artist who is also a thorough painter of remarkable gifts; I mean J. Veber. He exhibits some works of Hoffmanesque whimsicality touched with real feeling which makes us delight in his *Princess Jolimine*, in the extravagant joviality of his *Drinkers*, and the huge mirth of his *Mother Goose*, drawn by various guilds of craftsmen, preceded by heralds and banners, and followed by a delirious crowd. The spirit that pervades these pictures is strongly akin to realism, and while going beyond it, it succeeds in maintaining its logical consistency. No mean achievement, this. I wish I could say the same of Willette, but his pictures only make me long to see some more of his admirable drawings.

SCULPTURE.

In the galleries of the National Society of Fine Arts, sculpture wears a different aspect to that which it shows under the auspices of the rival Salon. There are few works exhibited here, but the little we find is all interesting—it shows a vivid impulse, original inventiveness, a visible purpose of informing the stone with a soul,

A. RODIN.
Victor Hugo (marble).

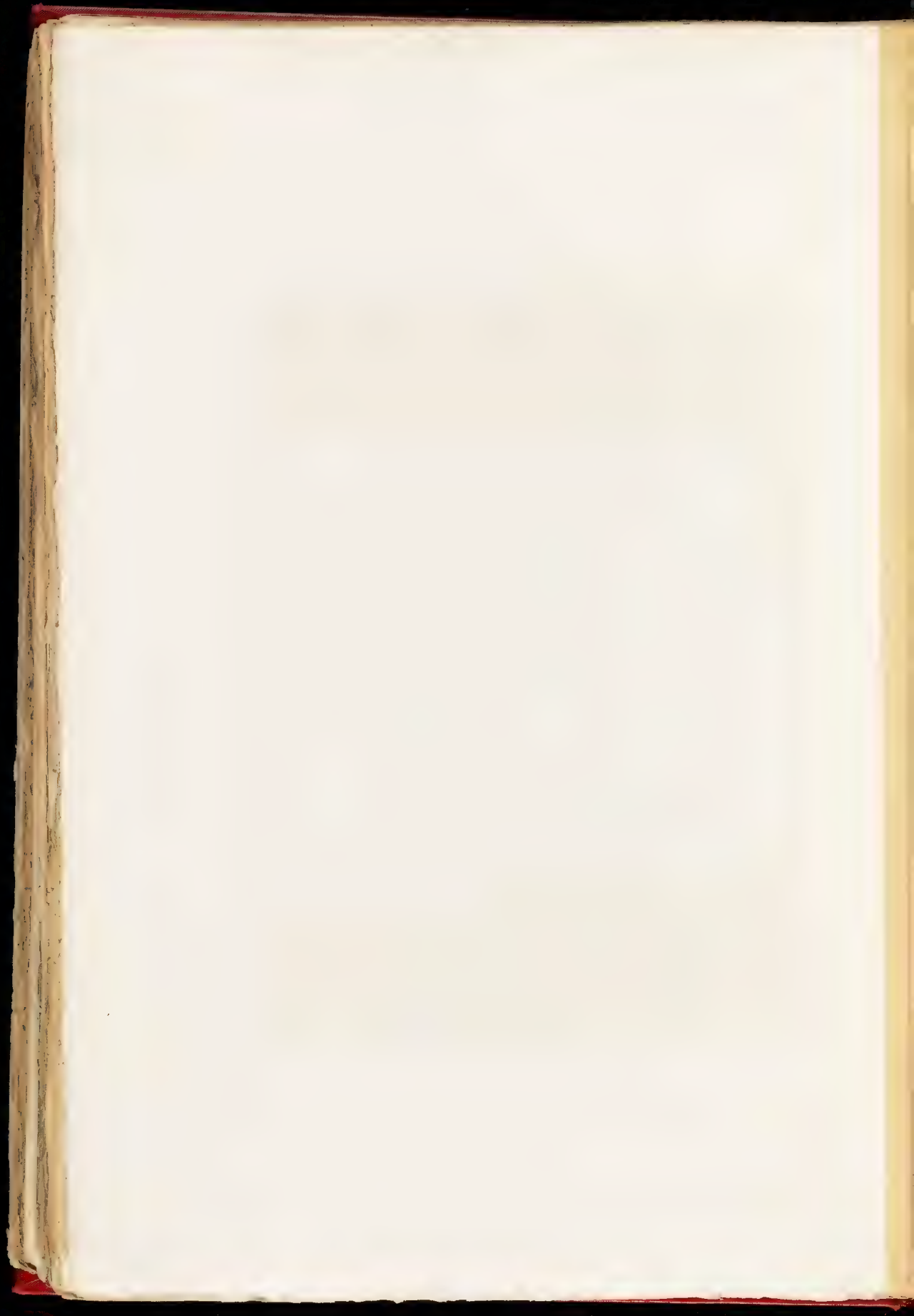
SALONS OF 1901



A. BARTHOLOMÉ.
The Secret (marble).

SALONS OF 1901





and, under the impetus given by the great sculptor Rodin, a tendency to give grandeur and development to the human form.

Here then we are glad to find the elements of vitality and of a renewal of a long neglected form of art, and we can but hope that this may prove to be a living fire which will in time effect a fusion, to the advantage of all concerned.

Rodin's statue of *Victor Hugo* occupies, as it ought, the place of honor. In the center of the circular gallery, this gloriously titanic and superhuman figure towers over the crowd of statues, and appears to be contemplating nature and humanity, and listening to their voice. It would seem, with a sovereign gesture, to control the tempest and compel the universe to the harmony of beauty. The inspiration of the poet and that of the sculptor are so wholly blended into one in this great work that for us henceforth, and for future generations, this will be the eternal effigy of Victor Hugo, denuded of all petty and accidental circumstance.

I note with satisfaction that works of real significance, by which I understand works expressing a personal concept and a passion for life, are numerous. None, I think, has more decisive purpose of serious force than Constantin Meunier's high relief: *In the Mine*, sturdy toilers who wield the pick in a subterranean passage; the truth of action and simplicity of attitude lend strong and true poetry to the humble labor of these men. By a closer adaptation of the man to his task, Meunier has avoided the over-solemnity which occasionally marred even Millet's work. There is true unity of conception and execution in this work, and the concord of the human type with the laborious environment is deeply felt and admirably rendered.

A love of truth and vitality is not less evident in the two figures so naturally grouped by Devillez; sitting with a plan spread out on their knees, one listening to the explanation which the other is giving with an eager movement of demonstration. The lively action and appropriate expression of feature, the attentive backs and emphatic hands, combine to give the group unity of

purpose and admirable propriety. *The Secret*, by Bartholomé, represents women whispering mysteriously with their faces to a wall; the plastic roundness of the modeling gives the figures much beauty of form and a poetic charm. *The Woman having her bath*, reminds us of Degas' strong breezy manner, and has nevertheless a distinctive grace in her huddled but elastic form. *The Republican Tradition* offered a problem of great difficulty to the sculptor; that of combining a relief with a free figure in the round by a natural and easy transition. The artist has solved it successfully. The three Republics form a happily linked group in which light and shade are finely distributed, and the present Republic, in the foreground, though perhaps a little too slender, is nervous and defiant.

Caryatids for a balcony and *Loie Fuller*, by Pierre Roche, show a painstaking and patient search for unexpected line composition, and a very careful study of the living model. This, too, is characteristic of Escoula's graceful group, *On the Road to Love*, in which the pause in step of the two figures is so cleverly indicated; and in Albert Mulot's *Ino and the Infant Bacchus*, though the child is rather insignificant, the light dancing movement of the Nymph is very happily rendered.

And besides these we find many instances of truthful action accurately apprehended from immediate intercourse with nature. Artists are now learning to show how feeling and passion really animate the bodies and unite the groups. *Grief*, by d'Aranson, is a truly pathetic work; we see the desperation of two beings who seek support and consolation in each other. The very spirit of life is now often eloquently expressed, the thrill of emotion sets the muscles and strains the sinews with assured and logical purpose. Sometimes, it is true, these qualities are spoiled by a little exaggeration; thus the *Fragment of a monument to Paul Verlaine* by Niederhausern-Rodo, may strike us as too frittered and confused in treatment.

Nor are all the monumental works equally good. *The Figure for the tomb of Félix Faure* by Saint-Marceaux is dignified and

A HAGEBORG
Humble Folk

SAGONS OF 1901



simple. His *Daudet* appears to me, as to pose and expression, full of delicate feeling, but too smoothly and superficially handled. We feel as though the work had got no further than a sketch; the essential touches, which would suggest the poet's delicate nerves and uneasy suffering are absent. A bust of *Gallet* by Injalbert, and the female fawn playing on the pipes, who sits to the left of the pedestal, are rather heavy. Baffier exhibits a *Peasant of Le Berri* with the muscles of an athlete, carrying a Gaulish dagger. There is in this statue a rude and savage energy which is not without dignity; it reminds us of some soldier of the first Empire, who has returned to the plough, and the sculptor has well expressed the persistence of the type, while making it perhaps too emphatically heroic.

Obscure Life, a bas-relief, by Madame Cazin, is a work of calm, unobtrusive feeling, in which the artist has displayed great qualities of refinement and fine artistic feeling.

Many of the busts are of the highest class. Dalou exhibits two character studies, two portraits, worked up with almost an excess of detail, which injures the whole effect; those of *Jean Gigoux* and *M. Ed. Huet*. Truth can go no further; the second, especially, is wonderful in its rendering of intense intellectual vitality. In the first the synthetic character suffers a little from a too elaborate treatment.

Reymond de Broutelles, in his bust of *Émile Hennequin*, the lamented critic, too early dead, gives us a powerful and well-balanced, sound piece of work of absolute truth. The writer's thoughtful melancholy and power of reflection and concentration are stamped for ever on the black marble.

G. Schnegg has two capital heads; one of a girl, very sweet, bright and innocent; and better still, one of a young woman, a wonderfully living study, firmly wrought.

I may also mention, before passing to other subjects, the *Woman Sowing*, and some spirited busts by Granet; an *Old Silesian Woman*, by Aranson; a *Woman with Ribbons*, by Fix-Masseau; and the *Old Stone-cutter*, by Carl.

The minor arts have, during the last few years, obtained all the favor they deserve. It has once more become understood—as was triumphantly proved by the art of the Ancients and by the Italian and German Renaissance—that art is not only a question of dimensions, but of proportions, and that great work may be done on a small scale, as well as mean and insignificant work on a large one. Diminutive masterpieces in bronze and terra-cotta, in box-wood and ivory, in silver and gold, the exquisite toy on which the eye and hand love to rest, have been reinstated in their right by contemporary art, either as objects in themselves or as adjuncts of grace and beauty to articles of utility or luxury.

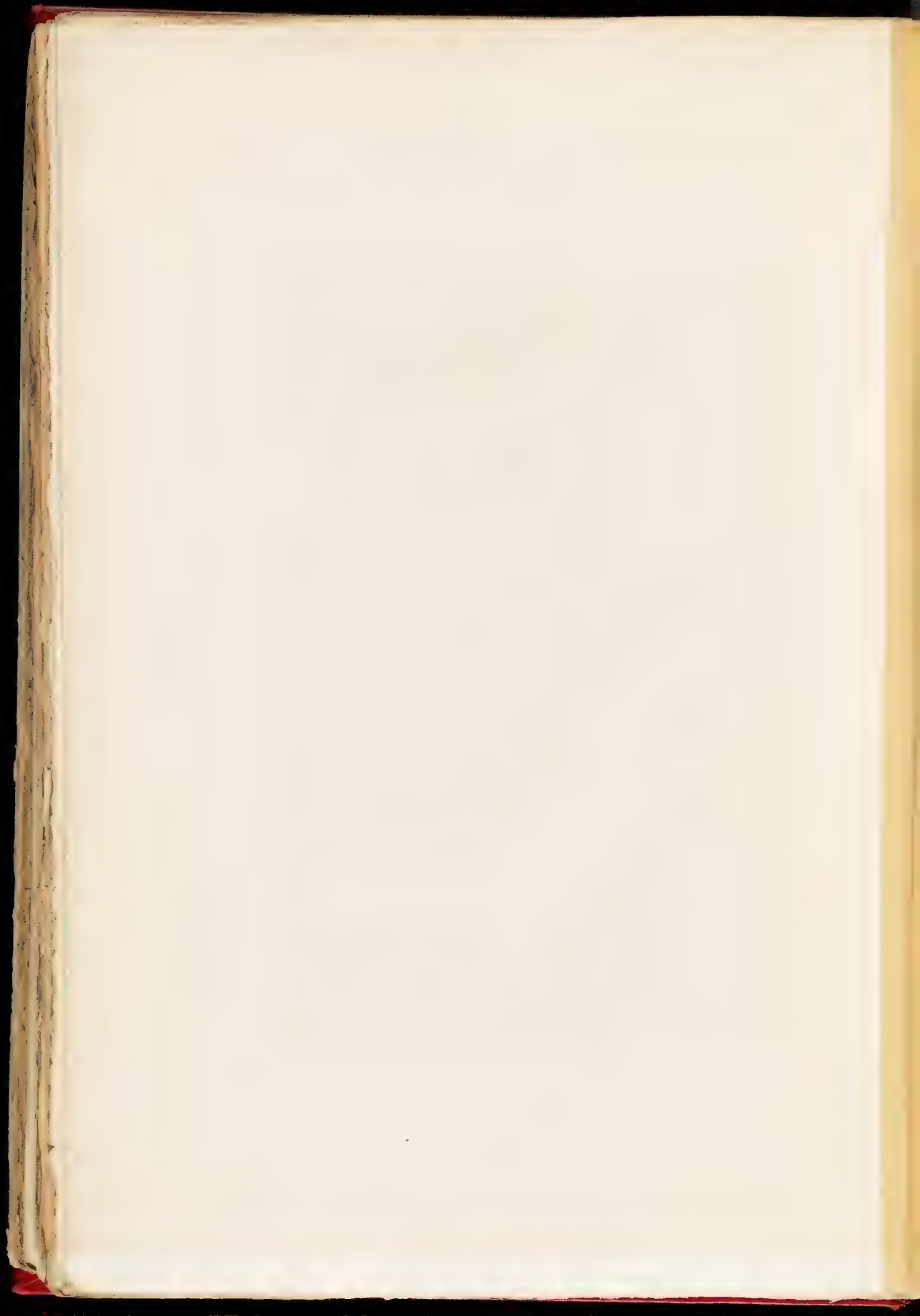
The normal conditions, which are often lacking for the production of sculpture on a large scale, so that it lapses into dull realism, generally assist the artist “in little.” And it is good discipline to have decorative work to do, and be subject to architectural laws, and to be compelled to conform to a general design, so long, of course, as that design is broad, free and consistent. Whether it be for a temple or a cathedral, a shrine or a chest, a vase or a bonbon-box, the principles remain the same. The decoration must be one with the thing decorated, must emphasize its structural lines and not obliterate them, must seem the intelligent expression of a necessity or of a want, and the outcome of purpose in beauty. But what characterises the art of the day is not so much fitness, strength and breadth; rather do we find too much movement of line with poor and futile form; so that, too often, decorative figures are twisted in the strangest contortions to accommodate them to these writhing spirals.

Rivière-Théodore's talent is well-known; learned but never pedantic accuracy, exquisite feeling, and happy combinations of materials are among his chief characteristics. All these we find, even more resolute and expressive than ever, in his *Breton Wrestlers*, so superbly knit together; and in the elegant bronze statuettes which are studies of character, charmingly truthful, simple and

T. FRIANT
Miss in the Condemned's Cell

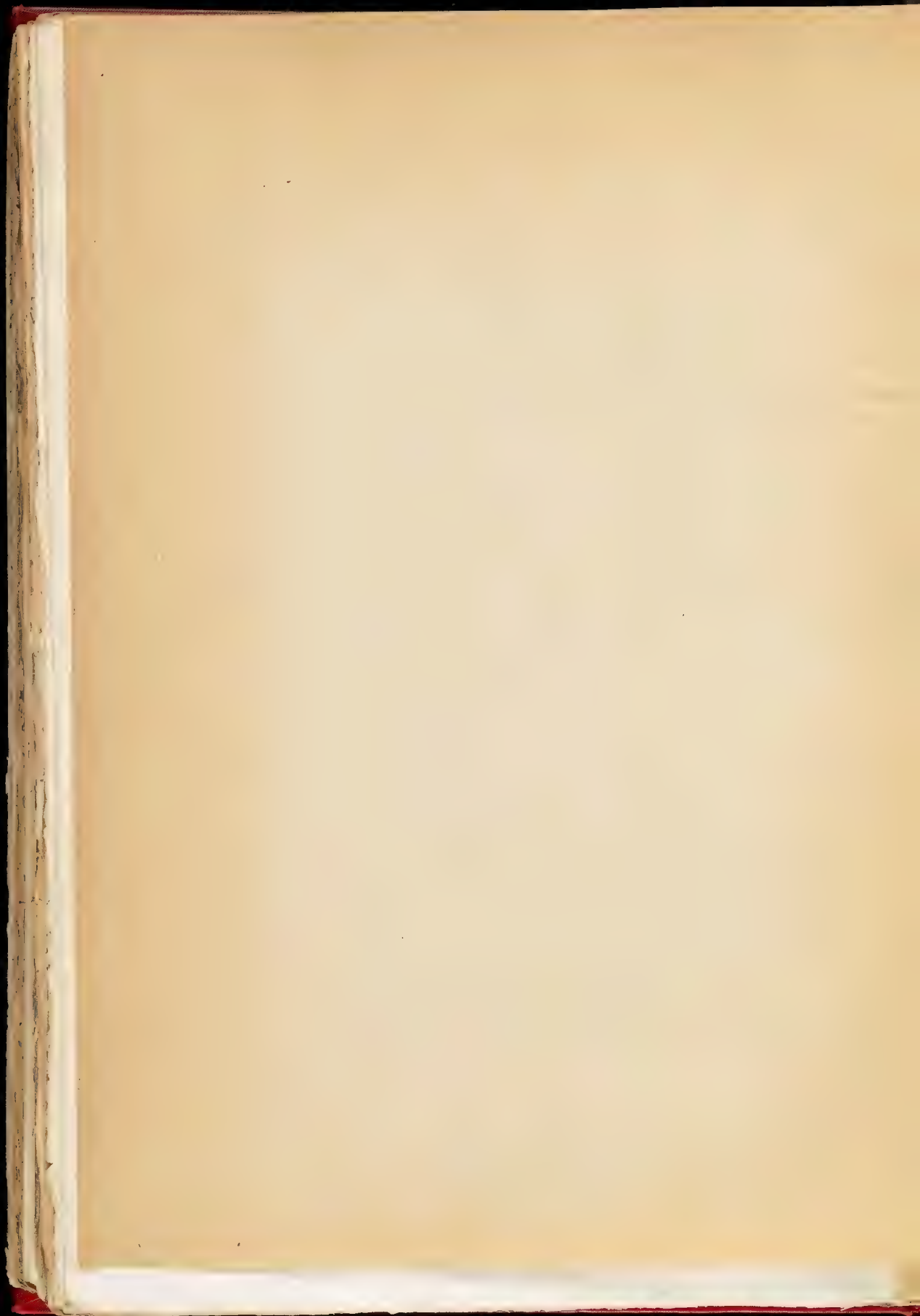
SALONS OF 1901





R. DE SAINT-MARCEAUX.
Alphonse Daudet (marble, unfinished).

SALONS OF 1901.



fresh, *Mistral*, *Ferdinand Dreyfus*, *Léon Labbé*, *Roty*. And never can we tire of looking at his little masterpiece of sweetness and grace, the *Arab Woman at her Embroidery*, in marble, ivory and onyx. Sitting in front of her frame, her right hand holding the needle, her left supporting the material, her head bent to note the stitches, this is a marvel of loving and refined study of nature. The back and hips, which are seen bare below the short vest, are modeled with breadth and solidity.

It is under the auspices of the National Society that small sculpture shows most method and most inventiveness. A feeling and taste for nature are seen in all their virtue. Look at the two small covered dishes by Baffier; you will be struck by their fine calm design and the ingenious simplicity which connects the ornamental figures with the body of the piece. Here are three sturdy peasant women, with the hat of Le Berri, the others in goffered caps, holding up the bowl on their back and neck, or facing it, with their uplifted hands. Nothing can be simpler or better conceived than these two works. These strong, slim caryatids complete the elegant solidity of the structure. Baffier, who



possesses the secret of calm rustic beauty, has here shown a fine sense of monumental composition.

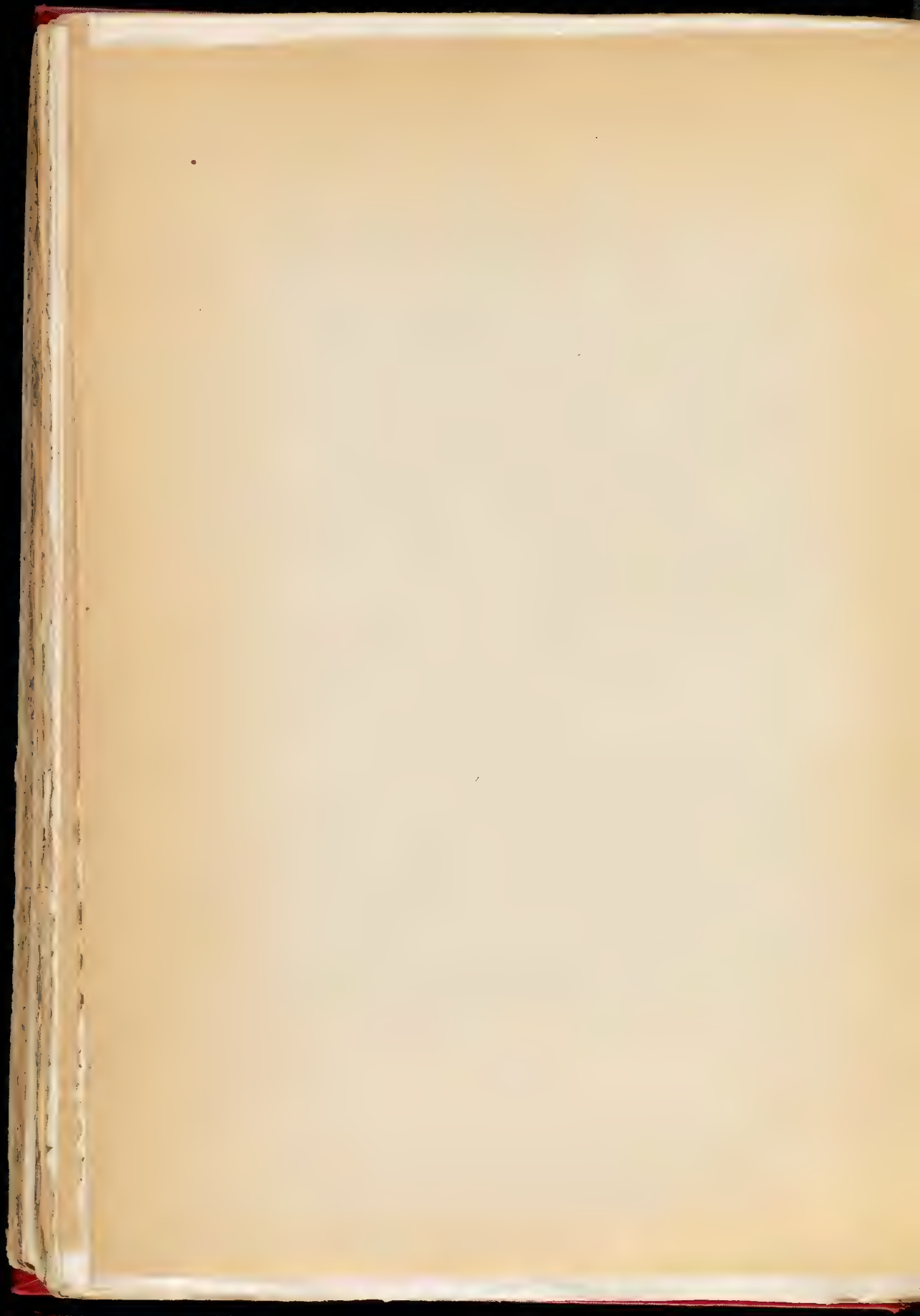
Vallgrenn's art, I regret to say, seems to me less masterly and less accurate than of yore; he used to be more simply truthful in his statuettes of Brittany women, but he now fritters himself away in extravagance, binding the human form into the most improbable contortions. Still, he has hit on a happy idea in the funeral urn he exhibits this year. It is rustic but expressive in shape; the handles are formed of two angels with long folded wings having the appearance of two mourning swallows perched on some narrow ledge.

Rupert Carabin, a master cabinet-maker, also models vigorously and accurately, with more feeling for character than for beauty in the stricter sense. There is a robust quality in his taste, which redeems him from being vulgar. Like Rollinat, he can adopt an almost repulsive type, if it is clearly expressive of nature; thus here we have a Syren kneeling, supporting on her lap an octopus with outstretched tentacles, its body forming an inkstand. We may, no doubt, object to the idea, which is more eccentric than attractive, but the observation and workmanship are beyond criticism and cannot be denied. In the same way a plated statuette of *La Belle Otero* attracts us by the strong movement of the torso, and the sweep of the skirts, which admirably balances the dancer's spring; and it would please us a great deal better if the profile of the face had not a touch of idiocy and animalism, as is always the case with Carabin. Some more Spanish dancers—a bronze in high relief—wrought in the rapid, sturdy manner peculiar to the artist, are full of life and truth in gait and gesture, but they are deficient in wiry elegance and fly-away grace.

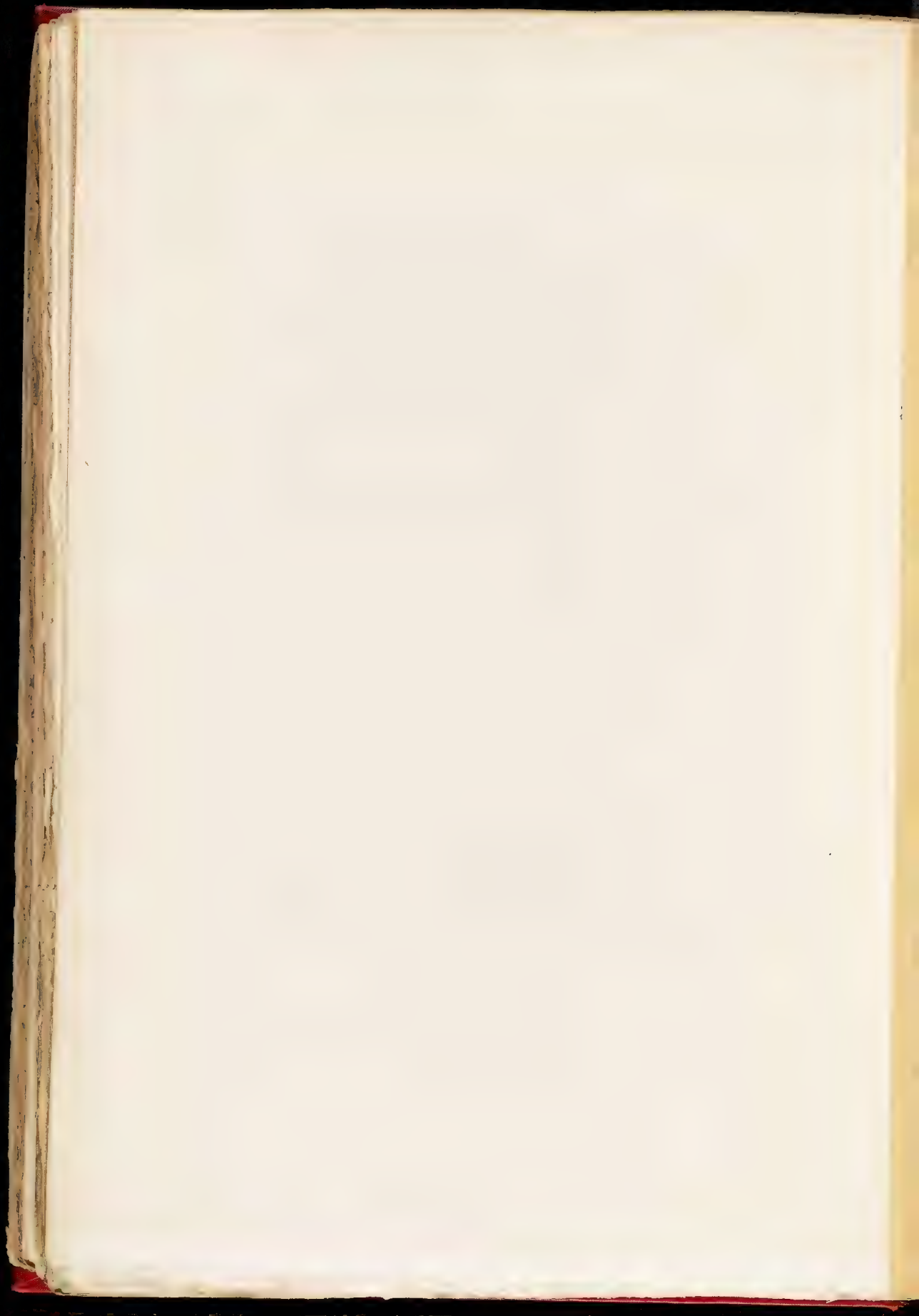
In a very different style, we cannot overlook Wittmann's *Types from the Street*; the old man at the fountain, and one dragging his feet along in ragged shoes, among others, are figures as truthful as those which Raffaëlli used to paint, and they carry with them their squalid atmosphere. In this study of the manners of every-

H. A. PAYNE
The Magic Sea

SALONS OF 1900







A.-A. LESREL.
The King's Silversmith.

SALONS OF 1901.



day life and of the humbler folk of great cities there is certainly an unexplored mine for the sculptor "in little," of which Troubetskoï showed some pleasing examples last year at the Exhibition; it suggests the creation of a whole world of manners and costumes which, though familiar to us, do not seem to have tempted modern artists.

Two groups of works are remarkable for an original type of grace, and deserve, I think, special mention. M. Voulot exhibits some terra-cottas and some bronzes, the former, derived from those of Tanagra, are slender female forms, draped in the antique manner, and dancing. Two, back to back and holding hands, are whirling in a rapid twirling movement which is delightfully original and very effective. The bronzes, imitated from the Italian Renaissance, are well-executed figures, very freely and easily modeled, lively and crisp in attitude and action; a mother lifting her child on her arm to kiss it—here we see absolute knowledge of close and tender contact, of flesh meeting flesh, worked out with ready and assured skill. M. Voulot shows in these clever works a very personal understanding of grace and passion. I should like to see him bring these delicate gifts to bear on the direct presentment of modern life, for I am convinced that a sculptor could derive from our costume and ways of life a class of statuettes novel in its beauty and true in character.

This, indeed, has invited M. Dejean, and he has succeeded delightfully. How fresh and charming are his little figures, full and firm, so essentially modern, and yet the eternal beauty of womanhood and the warm softness of flesh live and throb under the extravagance and oddity of fashion! Pert or artless faces; dimpled or slender forms; a happy sweep of draperies, all is in perfect harmony in these miniature masterpieces. In the *Opera-cloak*, the shoulders and bust, the pretty, frivolous head rise from the full wrap held by the little hands, and the figure has a charming, swaying, gliding movement; in the *Toilet* the bosom rises free from the bodice, the body is thrown back, the hips into relief, as the uplifted arms support the twist of hair, and the serpentine line thus

produced is exquisitely graceful; in the *Sulks*, the young crouching figure shows the beautiful modeling of the back of the neck. All this is fresh, spontaneous, pure impressionism; we think of Fragonard, of Willette, of Tanagra, and yet there is no hint of plagiarism.

It would need a chapter apart to review the various *objets d'art* in the Salon. Some of them are of exceptional merit and must at least be mentioned. I would mention the *Cat*, by Dampt, for instance, in grey marble, so alert in its repose, and so ready to spring, with its expressive feline head; and Nocq's finely wrought plaquettes, with portraits of the members of the Académie founded by the brothers de Goncourts, as well as his wonderful rings.

What can be said new of Lachenal's pottery, and of that by Dammouse and Delaherche; of Prouvé's bindings, of E. Carrière's vases and enamels; of Tiffany's glass? It is enough to name them, as also the glass by Rippl-Ronai, and the leather-work by Madame Valgrenn and Madame Thaulow. We can but rejoice that art should thus find its way into every-day uses and every hour of practical life, and it is to be hoped that it may more and more become independent of the dilettante, and be brought within the reach of all.

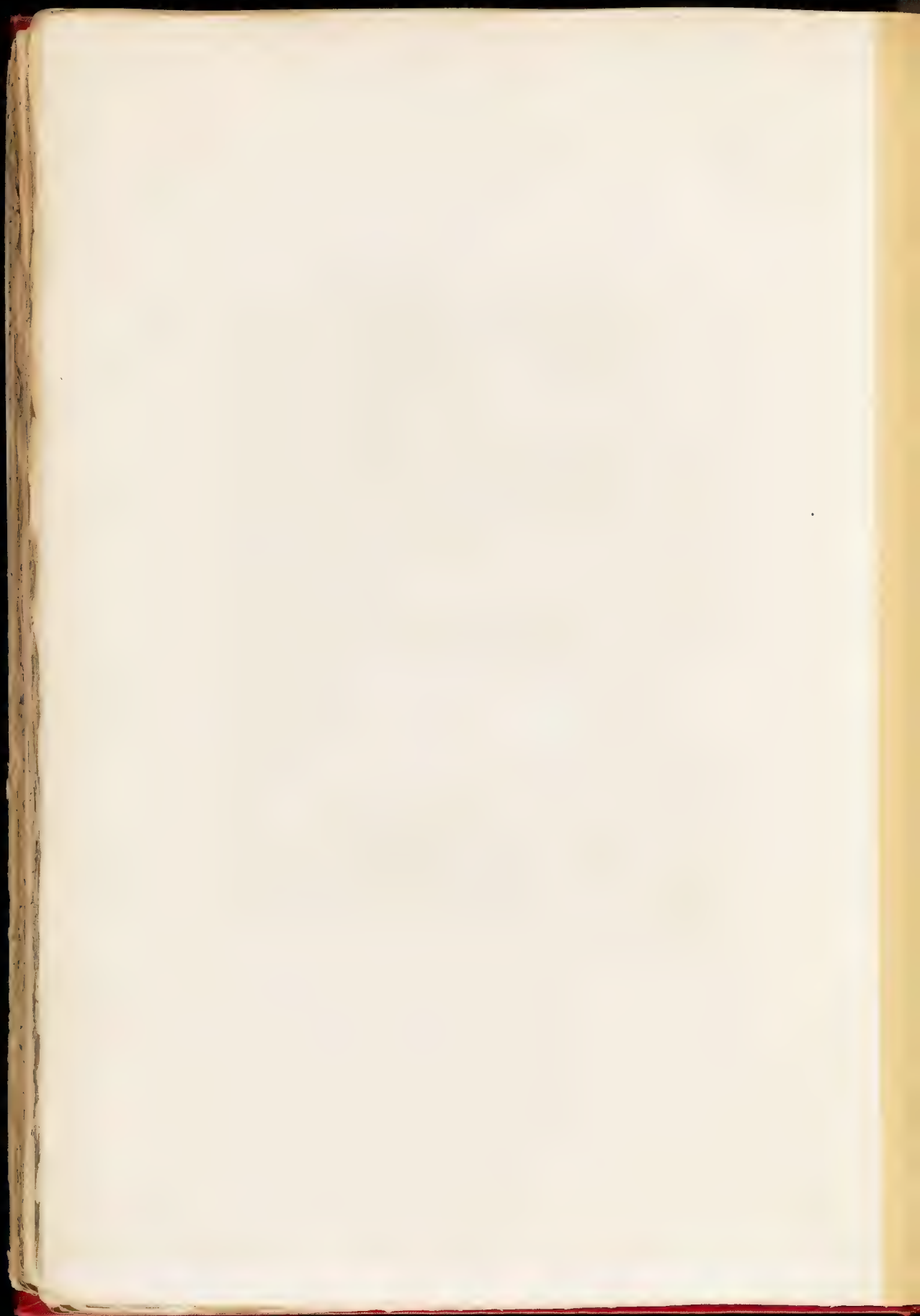
If we now take a general survey of the whole of this display, so various and so interesting, these are the conclusions to which we are led:

The present moment is not, on the whole, favorable to great undertakings. Those who attempt them have no strong convictions, no soaring flight, and do so rather in obedience to necessity or command than with the intention of expressing any new ideas or emotions. Society at the present time, following an easy path and accepting a facile philosophy, has no very manly or heroic conception of life, its laws or its duties. Still, we feel that the philosophy is indulgent, and that there is, in this world, a fair average of human happiness. Putting aside Rodin and Carrière, enthusiasm is rare, religious feeling still rarer; greatness is almost non-existent. A relish for the severe aspects of nature is lost; and the impressions of tourists or pleasant experiences of country visiting have taken

L. MÉTIVET.
The Return from Cythera.

SALONS OF 1901.

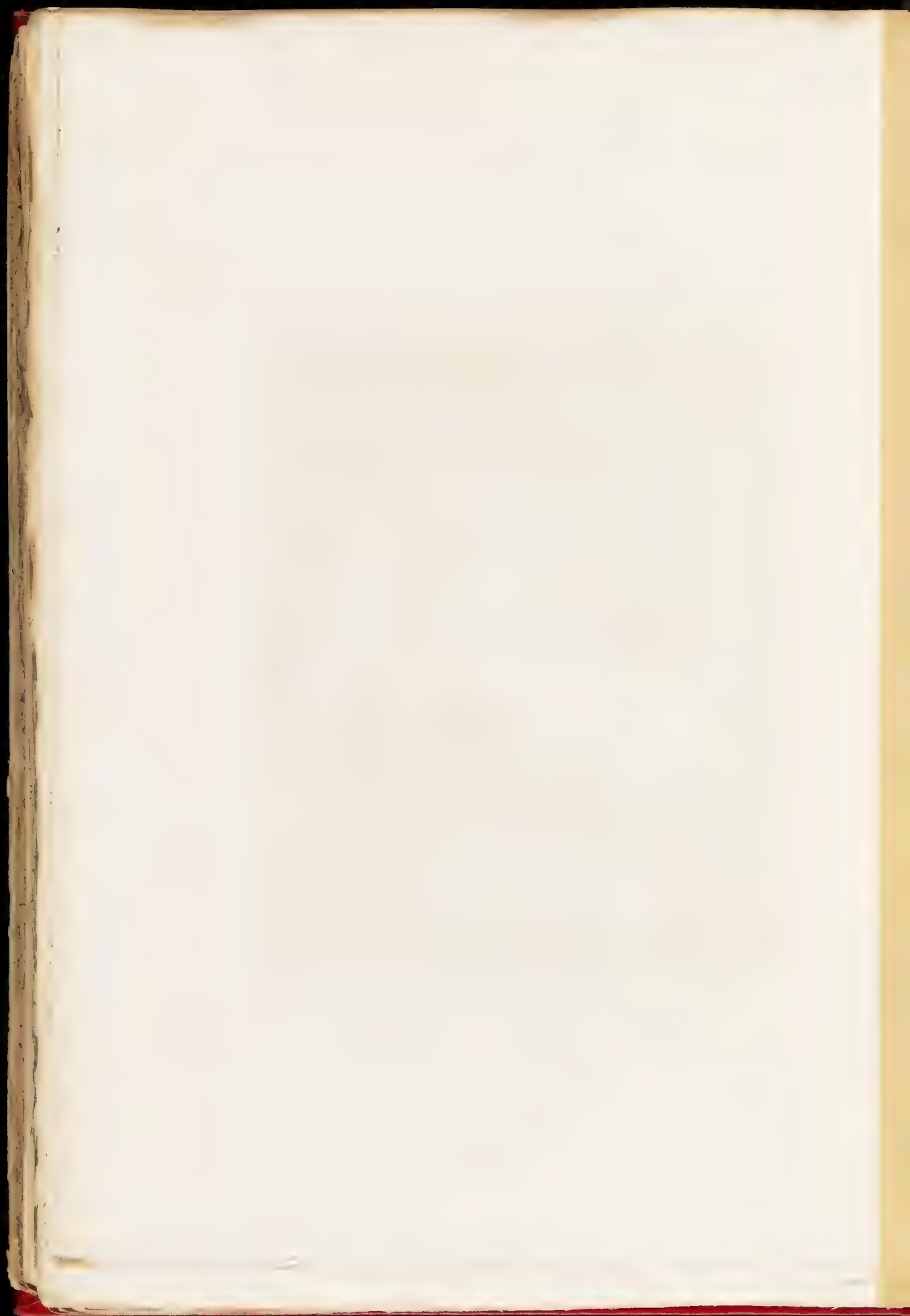




A. FOURIÉ.
A Vision of the antique.

SALON OF 1901.





the place of the intoxication of personal feeling. The landscape-painters of the day give us, very agreeably, I am quite ready to admit, the small change, as it were, of romantic nature.

And because no one ventures high, because everyone loves to linger in the middle region, there is less risk of sinning in a declamatory style or becoming ridiculous. Most of our pictures are easy to read and make no great demand on our imagination—nor do they suggest any very great effort on the part of the artist.

Thus modern artists are, many of them, refined and placid observers; few of them are poets. By a poet, I understand a man who transforms—nay—or deforms, reality to accord with his passion, whether it be based on satire or on sentiment. These men, it is true, being the exception, are content to dwell apart, to escape the misunderstanding of juries and the public. It would be easy to find names—that of Lautrec, for instance,—which have never figured in the catalogues of an Exhibition, and artists whose rough irony has a racy poetry, in the manner of that of Degas. It is to be regretted that our independent painters do not show us some more pregnant and bolder work, instead of giving us oddities of expression rather than original sentiment and ideas.

I may, however, add that this fine sense of delicacy which is far removed from sentimentality, has a certain moral strength and quality of its own. It would seem that the French mind—on the eve perhaps of some violent shock—is nursing itself in the padded comfort of domestic feeling, and creating a sort of Louis XVI. style in painting, after going through a phase of manners more nearly like that of the time of Louis XV. Seldom have the joys of home and the charms of intimacy been more pleasantly depicted by French artists, never, certainly, since the time of Chardin. And all that is wholesome and refined in the citizen-life of the day, all the intellectual and moral charm of the modern home, finds in them sympathetic interpreters and close observers.

The part of those whom Weiss designated as the “important

idiots," seems to be played out. If the Epic is at a discount, solemnity also tends to disappear. There are two ways, equally false and odious, of looking at life and art, the solemn, and the flippant. The serious beauty of the world and of the human race need assume no airs to be seen by unprejudiced eyes. For this reason our simplicity of feeling and insight is of good promise, while we wait for an Art of wider aims, more popular and more vehement. I have said whom I regard as master and initiator of this art, and, to conclude, I hope I may be allowed to express the wish that his lofty example may lead French art to express those ideas and feelings which make men live for faith, love and purity.

MAURICE HAMEL.



P. PAULIN.
Female bust (plaster).

SALONS OF 1901.



LIST OF AWARDS.

PAINTING.

First Medal.

M. A. DÉCHENAUD.

Second Medals.

MM. E. L. THIVIER, M. J. H. THIÉROT, K. CARTIER, R. DE PIBRAC, G. LAVERGNE, G. HAQUETTE, L. RICHEL, L. JACQUOT-DEFRANCE, M^{me} G. DEBILLEMONT-CHARDON, MM. H. COURSELLES - DUMONT, H. ZO, H. DABADIE, H. HARTWICH, P. H. FLANDRIN.

Third Medals.

MM. F. SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE, P. M. DUPUY, E. RICHTER, E. MONDINEU, G. H. MOSLER, M^{lle} M. A. R. DELORME, MM. G. A. L. BOISSELIER, T. SYNAVE, A. HUMBERT, P. DOWNIE, H. CARO-DELVAILE, W. THOR, M^{lles} S. WATKINS, V. PÉPE, MM. F. M. LARD, P. VIGNAL, L. BELLEMONT, M. MOISSET, G. A. GRAU, L. ABRY, G. DE BURGGRAFF, O. DE FABER DU FAUR, S. S. THOMAS,

J. SCALBERT, É. JACQUE, E. AZÉMA, M^{lle} L. LAVRUT.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. J. SYNDON, L. BALESTRIERI, H. LINGUET, L. A. HUET, J. C. V. ARLIN, T. LYBAERT, H. S. HUBBELL, M^{lle} C. CHAUCHET, MM. J. L. M. COSSON, G. GUIGNERY, M^{lle} C. FIÉRARD, MM. F. TADAMA, H. MARRET, G. L. J. RUFIN, J. DE LA HOUGUE, A. HANICOTTE, M^{lle} H. DESPORTES, M^{me} N. ADAM, MM. J. W. WEST, M. F. MAC-MONNIÉS, M^{lle} L. DEFRIÈS, MM. C. B. SCHREIBER, J. DE PROVISY, M^{lles} J. BONNEFOI, E. HERLAND, MM. R. L. A. FLAHAUT, A. KNIGHT, M^{lle} J. BOUCHER, MM. R. DEVLARIO, J. STYKA, J. MALHOA, L. BELLE, F. L. LUSSENHOP, A. BERTRAM, T. P. J. BERNET, M^{me} J. AMEN, M^{lle} A. LÉOTARD, MM. F. MAILLAUD, F. MENET, M^{me} M. A. TOUDOUZE, MM. A. CHIGOT, A. SUZOR-COTÉ, A. DE MIGL, G. É. GUÉDY, H. BRUGNOT, J. BENOIT-LÉVY.

SCULPTURE.

First Medals.

MM. E. J. BOVERIE, G. RECIPON.

Second Medals.

MM. P. AUBAN, G. JOHN, A. GUILLOT, P. DUCUING, A. E. MISEREY, S. SALIÈRES. Medalist: M. G. Dupré.

Third Medals.

MM. F. DAVID, M. R. MARX, H. SCHULER, P. L. THEUNISSEN, J. LORIEUX, J. B. LARRIVE, É. P. MÉRITE, E. DE LAHEUDRIE, G. E. L. ZIMMERMANN, J. L. RISPAL, A. MARQUET

X. BARTHE, A. SCHIRRE. Medalists: M. A. BARRÉ, M^{lle} G. GRANGER, M. F. GILBAULT.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. V. GOULHON, G. G. BARNARD, C. M. P. ALAPHILIPPE, M. CASSAIGNE, W. R. COLTON, G. CONTESSE, C. H. GRENIER, L. DELAGRANGE, J. DESCOMPS, C. DESOUCHES, M^{me} B. GIRARDET, MM. E. GRÉGOIRE, H. JOSSANT, G. LAETHIER, J. LECOMTE DU NOUY, J. MARIN, J. L. MÉROT, A. MUSCAT, A. DE ORSSI, C. H. ROBERT-CHAMPIGNY, E. WALTER.

ARCHITECTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. J. A. TOURNAIRE.

First Medals.

MM. J. HERMANT, L. A. LOUVET.

Second Medals.

MM. H. J. L. LE GRAND, E. A. THIREAU, L. GRANDIN.

Third Medals.

MM. C. H. C. LEMARESQUIER, P. PAQUET, J. M. AUBURTIN, G. A. CLOSSON, L. F. TAVERNIER, G. J. B. DUSSART, R. BOUWENS VAN DER BOYEN fils, J. F. TAILLENS.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. G. LEFORT, A. J. L. E. LAFFONT, P. F. J. LEBRET, L. A. OTTIN, J. TILLET, J. DORÉ, P. P. L. GUIDETTI, E. L. PERRONNE, L. P. FAURE-DUJARRIC, D. E. BESSIN, P. L. D. BELLOT, P. R. FERRET, A. COLLIN, P. HUILLARD, H. JACQUELIN, G. F. SÉHILLE, G. LEFOL, H. DEGRÈVE, C. P. C. BLONDEL, P. J. V. BRUNEL, A. DERVAUX, L. SIFFERT, L. MURCIER, A. TIÈCHE, A. GOUGEON, A. A. MELISSENT, A. J. POLART, M. H. ROBERT, L. J. G. SAINTE-MARIE-PERRIN, É. J. BERNARD-BEAULT, J. É. PETITGRAND, E. E. G. REPOSEUR, L. BECHMANN, A. A. POTTIER, H. SCHNEIDER.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. MONGIN.

First Medals.

MM. E. J. BULAND (*line engraving*); A. C. COPPIER (*line engraving*); V. L. FOCILLON (*etching*); A. ARDAIL (*etching*); M^{me} M. J. JACOB-BAZIN (*wood engraving*).

Second Medals.

MM. J. DETURCK (*line engraving*); J. WYBROUD (*line engraving*); H. F. ALASO-NIÈRE (*etching*); M^{lle} M. VERNAUT (*lithography*).

Third Medals.

M^{lle} L. BOURGES (*etching*); M. A. DAUVERGNE (*wood engraving*); M^{lle} M. M. H. GAILLARD (*wood engraving*); MM. E. P.BERTRAND (*lithography*); L. HUVEY (*lithography*); E. M. MAGE (*lithography*).

"Mentions Honorables."

M^{lle} B. CHANTEUX (*line engraving*); M. H. É. FRICK (*line engraving*); M^{lle} M. BESSON (*line engraving*); MM. A. CABAUD (*line engraving*); C. MAZELIN (*line engraving*); J. PENNELL (*etching*); C. CHESSE (*etching*); M^{lle} A. VERSEL (*etching*); MM. X. F. LESUEUR (*etching*); C. A. F. RABOUILLE (*etching*); W. LENDERS (*wood engraving*); F. SCHMIDT (*wood engraving*); E. É. POTTIER (*wood engraving*); É. BERVEILLER (*wood engraving*); J. B. QUETON (*lithography*); E. OGÉ (*lithography*); A. BELLEROCHÉ (*lithography*); A. J. NICOLAS (*lithography*); E. DELAMAIN (*lithography*).

SUB-SECTION OF DECORATIVE ART.

(IN CONNECTION WITH THE 4 SECTIONS).

First Medal.

M. L. LAPORTE-BLAIRSY.

Second Medal.

M. A. M. JORRAND.

Third Medals.

MM. L. A. GAILLARD, A. A. PESNÉ, L. H. ROBALLEHEN, H. PERNOT.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. É. DECEUR, J. L. BONNY, L. HERMANT, W. LEE, M^{lle} C. COURANT, MM. J. R.

SIMON-DARDOIZE, H. É. MAILLARD, L. CAUVY, G. DUBOUCHET, C. DESROSNIERS.

Marie Bashkirtseff Prize

M^{lle} L. LAVRUT.

De Raigecourt-Goyon Prize.

M. G. J. MOTELEY.

Rosa Bonheur Prize.

M. A. L. BOUCHÉ.

Jules Robert Prize.

M. C. MARX (*wood*).

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE.

PAINTING.

MM. BENNER (E.).	<i>Return from the Fountain; the Virgin and the Holy Child</i> (F. A.).
BERTRAM.	<i>In Flanders</i> (F. A.).
BOUCHÉ.	<i>The Marne at Saint-Aulde, evening</i> (F. A.).
BOUCHOR.	<i>Portrait of M. F. Foureau;—pastel</i> (F. A.).
BRIVA.	<i>After Sunset.</i>
CARL-ROSA.	<i>Autumn Poem</i> (F. A.).
CAROLUS-DURAN.	<i>Apple Trees (Savoy)</i> (N. S.).
DAGNAC-RIVIÈRE.	<i>A Sahara Butcher</i> (N. S.).
DAUCHEZ.	<i>A Bathing Place</i> (N. S.).
DÉCHENAUD.	<i>Portrait of the Artist's father</i> (F. A.).
DESGOFFE.	<i>Chalice</i> (rock crystal) (F. A.).
DESVALLIÈRES.	<i>Æternum transvertere</i> (N. S.).
DEVAMBEZ.	<i>A Panic</i> (water-color) (F. A.).
DUVENT.	<i>Jays of Labor</i> (F. A.).
FAIVRE (A.).	<i>Woman with a Fan</i> (F. A.).
GEOFFROY.	<i>Resigned</i> (F. A.).
GUÉRY.	<i>After a Snowstorm in Champagne;—sunset</i> (F. A.).
GUIGUET.	<i>Young Girl with Crochet-work</i> (N. S.).
GUILLET.	<i>November at Moret</i> (F. A.).
GUILLONNET.	<i>Corpus Christi Day at Seville (1900);—dance of Los Seises</i> (F. A.).
JACQUOT-DEFRANCE.	<i>Oxen</i> (F. A.).
LAPARRA.	<i>Herb Seller, Madrid</i> (F. A.).
LARRUE.	<i>An Interior</i> (N. S.).
LAVERGNE.	<i>Three Ages</i> (triptych) (F. A.).
LEFEBVRE (J.).	<i>Yvonne;—portrait</i> (F. A.).
LE GOUT-GÉRARD.	<i>Entrance to the Old Dock</i> (N. S.).
LELONG (R.).	<i>Evening</i> (F. A.).
LEROUX.	<i>The Maga</i> (F. A.).
LUCAS (D.).	<i>Saying Grace</i> (F. A.).
MARCHÉ.	<i>December;—Church of Fay</i> (F. A.).
MILCENDEAU.	<i>Mother and Children</i> (pastel) (N. S.).
MONDINEU.	<i>A Fire in the Landes</i> (F. A.).
MORISSET.	<i>Reading</i> (N. S.).
NOIROT.	<i>Desolation</i> (F. A.).
POINTELIN.	<i>A Deep Dell</i> (F. A.).
QUIGNON.	<i>The Last Rays</i> (F. A.).
RAVANNE.	<i>Dawn</i> (F. A.).
SABATTÉ.	<i>Confession</i> (F. A.).
SIMON.	<i>A Procession</i> (N. S.).
SPENLOVE-SPENLOVE.	<i>Funeral in the Low-Country, winter's day</i> (F. A.).
THIVET.	<i>Playfulness</i> (F. A.).
TRONCY.	<i>Simple Soul</i> (F. A.).

SCULPTURE.

MM. ALLAR	<i>Isis unveiling</i> (marble statue) (F. A.).
BECQUET	<i>The Abyss</i> (marble statue) (F. A.).
BOUCHER (J.)	<i>Antique and Modern</i> (marble group) (F. A.).
CHARPENTIER (F.)	<i>Sensuousness</i> (marble statue) (F. A.).
COUTHEILLAS	<i>The Grasshopper's End</i> (marble statue) (F. A.).
LÉONARD (A.)	<i>Youth</i> (marble bust) (N. S.).
MARQUET	<i>Imploration</i> (plaster statue) (F. A.).
MÉRITÉ	<i>Eagle carrying away a Lamb</i> (plaster) (F. A.).
MORICE	<i>Diana and Endymion</i> (plaster group) (F. A.).
PETER (N.)	<i>Bears playing</i> (marble group) (F. A.).
ROGER-BLOCHE (P.)	<i>Cold</i> (bronze group) (F. A.).
ROUSSEL (P.)	<i>The Shepherd's Star</i> (marble group) (F. A.).
SCHNEGG (G.)	<i>Young Woman</i> (plaster) (F. A.).
THEUNISSEN (C.)	<i>Portrait of the landscape painter Harpignies</i> (a bust in oak) (F. A.).

ARCHITECTURE.

CHAUVET (C.)	<i>Quarter-size drawing of frescoes in the old Manor of Challant, at Issogne, in the Vale of Aosta (Piedmont)</i> (F. A.).
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MEDAL ENGRAVING.

LEMAIRE (G.)	<i>Spring</i> (cameo) (F. A.).
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(F. A. : Society of French Artists.—N. S. : National Fine Arts Society.)



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